

THE LIVING AGE.

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GRANDEUR.

Poor Mary Byrne is dead,
 An' all the world may see
 Where she lies upon her bed
 Just as fine as quality.

She lies there still and white
 With candles either hand
 That'll guard her through the night.
 Sure she never was so grand!

She holds her rosary,
 Her hands clasped on her breast,
 Just as daint as can be
 In the habit she's been dressed.

In life her hands were red
 With every sort of toil,
 But they're white now she is dead,
 An' they've sorta mark of soil.

The neighbors come and go,
 They kneel to say a prayer.
 I wish herself could know
 Of the way she's lyin' there.

It was work from morn till night,
 And hard she earned her bread;
 But I'm thinking she's a right
 To be aisy now she's dead.

When other girls were gay
 At wedding or at Fair
 She'd be toiling all the day,
 Not a minyit could she spare.

An' no one missed her face,
 Or sought her in a crowd,
 But to-day they throng the place
 Just to see her in her shroud.

The creature in her life
 Drew trouble with each breath;
 She was just "poor Jim Byrne's wife"—
 But she's lovely in her death.

I wish the dead could see
 The splendor of a wake,
 For it's proud herself would be
 Of the keening that they make.

Och! little Mary Byrne,
 You welcome every guest.
 Is it now you take your turn
 To be merry with the rest?

I'm thinking you'd be glad,
 Though the angels make your bed,
 Could you see the care we've had
 To respect you—now you're dead.
 W. M. Letts.

The Spectator.

THREE EPIGRAMS FROM THE GREEK.

I.

BY PTOLEMY THE ASTRONOMER.

I am mortal—the thing of a day; I
 know it. And yet when I trace
 The stars in their spirals and rings,
 as they turn and return overhead,
 My feet are no more upon earth; I sit
 down in the heavenly place;
 I partake at the table of Zeus in the
 food of the gods; and am fed.

II.

BY PLATO.

As I kissed Agathon,
 My soul was almost gone:
 On my lips' brink it was,
 Pining to pass across.

III.

BY CALLIMACHUS.

Philip's Nikoteles, a twelve-year lad,
 Lies buried here: the hope his father
 had.

R. C. K. Ensor.

The Nation.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

O world that holds me by the wings,
 How shall my soul escape your
 snares?
 So dear are your delightful things,
 So difficult your toils and cares:
 That, every way my soul is held
 By bonds of love, and bonds of hate;
 With all its heavenly ardors quelled,
 And all its angels desolate . . .

Yet in the heart of every child,
 God and the world are reconciled! . . .
 Olive Custance.

THE SITUATION IN TURKEY.

The two most noteworthy subjects of interest at present regarding Turkey are the development of its people since the revolution and the war with Italy.

As to the first, I would recall the lesson familiar to all from the phrase, "Forty years long was I grieved with this generation," &c., &c., the moral of which is that it takes a generation to convert a nation of slaves into one of free men. The Christian minority of the Osmanli nation have been in slavery for upwards of four and a-half centuries. The Moslem majority have never known any other government than absolutism. Moslems, Christians, and Jews alike still cringe abjectly before the representatives of authority. A daring and courageous band of conspirators four years ago took their lives in their hands, formed a secret Committee for Union and Progress, and overthrew a foul tyranny. The Constitution was restored and a Parliament was assembled. The deputies were untried men. They were almost entirely the nominees of the Committee. The voters knew little or nothing about a Constitution, were often ignorant of the meaning of the word. A more scratch lot of men as legislators can hardly ever have been collected together. A few even among the deputies, though very few, hankered after reaction. The Committee were the real rulers of the Empire, made and unmade ministers, committed blunders everywhere, in the Hauran, in Yemen, and above all in Macedonia and Albania. Many crimes against individuals, including even murder, were committed in their name, and probably by their supporters, if not at their instigation. An opposition soon developed in the Chamber, not against constitutional government, but against the

reckless determination of some members of the Committee to Turkify everything, and to sweep away every obstacle to the accomplishment of their purpose. I wish to emphasize the statement that the Opposition in the Chamber was not in favor of reaction, because some of the unreasoning supporters of the Committee in England during the last year—out of *trop de zèle* or simple ignorance—have steadily persisted in representing the Opposition as reactionaries. Some of the leading opponents were Greeks, like Bussios Effendi, who were justly roused to indignation at the treatment of the Christians in Macedonia. Others were Moslems, who protested against illegality and oppression quite of the old Hamidean type. Others, like the Albanians, took up the defence of the men of their race when the Committee tried to Turkify them, and notably to compel them to abandon their own language, or at least to write it in Arabic characters. But none of them wanted reaction.

The result, however, of the haphazard selection of deputies for Parliament, and of the formidable opposition which the Committee aroused, was that the Chamber became unworkable, and when three months ago it was dissolved, there was a general feeling of relief throughout the country.

In fairness, however, one must look at the position from the point of view of the Committee. They risked their lives when they commenced their task. They won, and would have been mercilessly killed by Abdul Hamid if they had failed. In the one serious attempt made by reactionaries after the revolution, every Committee-man had to go into hiding. Had the attempt of April 13th, 1909, succeeded, men like Ahmed Riza and a score of other leaders would

have been slaughtered. If reaction should even now triumph, there would be wholesale slaughter. The Committee became more powerful after the attempt at reaction, and for their own safety and in order to create a nation, have kept, and intend to keep, power. They are not going to lose the fruit of their labor. They have blundered badly, and their most serious blunders have justly lowered their reputation, especially in foreign countries. Admitting their blunders, and for the sake of argument, their complicity in the crimes attributed to them—what is the net result? They have kept the machine of government running. Destroy it, and the country would be in anarchy. They have made several notable improvements, and have announced their intention to make more. They have allowed the country to develop itself. They have greatly strengthened the army, and have brought order into the financial administration. With a full recognition of all the faults of the Committee, the people of the country generally are agreed, so far as I can learn, that its condition has improved since the revolution. If the opinion of all the Europeans and Americans in the country could be taken, I believe that while disappointment would be generally expressed at the failure of the hopes aroused by the makers of the revolution, its voice would be unanimous, or nearly so, in declaring that the condition of the country is better than it was four years ago. A few weeks since, in the month of April, I journeyed for about 600 miles in Anatolia to the foot of Mount Taurus, passing through Eski-Cheir and Konia. The elections were in full swing, or had recently been completed. I heard many well-founded complaints of the irregularities of the elections, but everybody with whom I spoke on the subject admitted that, though much remained to be done, the

condition of the country had improved. The people, Moslems and Christians alike, took singularly little interest in the elections or in the political condition of the country. Those who did were of various opinions. According to many, there was little difference between *Ittilafs* (members of the Opposition) and *Ittihat*s (supporters of the Committee of Union and Progress). I was told that the partisans of the Opposition stated that the Committee wished to change the mosques into Christian churches. In so far as they made such statements, they appealed to Moslem fanaticism and ignorance, but I do not believe that such statements produced serious effect. The Moslems smiled incredulously as they repeated what had been said. They knew that the roads were more secure, that all alike could travel freely, and they had heard from an occasional trained gendarme that the Committee was resolved to keep order, and from the soldiers that the discipline of the army was better than it had ever been. The question of religion hardly entered into discussion.

As we learned by the end of April, the Committee of Union and Progress swept the country in the elections. The Opposition, known among Europeans as the Liberal Entente, simply disappeared. Many causes contributed to this result, the chief being want of organization. The Committee of Union and Progress used every means it could think of to achieve its victory. In one *vilayet* the Governor called all the officials and told them that if they were not prepared to vote for the candidates of the Committee, the Government would have no need of their services. Pressure was brought to bear in a dozen forms to compel or induce voters to support the Committee. Unless the reports are false, and there is no reason to believe that such is the case, voters known to be hostile were ruth-

lessly struck off the registers, or on various pretexts were not allowed to vote. The returns were sometimes ludicrous. We hear of Greek villages returning Moslems, and of places notoriously opposed to the Committee voting for its nominees. In many places voters abstained altogether. In the capital itself the improper means adopted to secure victory were open and barefaced. The Opposition newspapers were suppressed. The *Tanin*, the ablest and most outspoken supporter of the Committee, though its able Editor has often shown his independence, sarcastically or generously offered the use of his columns to the supporters of the Opposition. Freedom of speech was forbidden. Dr. Riza Tewfik, a deputy who would be an ornament to any elective chamber, was imprisoned for a month because he addressed a number of men in his own room at a hotel. Gerrymandering is a practice which is soon learned, and beyond doubt the elections were gerrymandered. But allowing for that fact, it is not enough to account for the clean sweep made by the Committee. To explain it, one must note other facts. On the one hand there was a well-organized body; on the other was one virtually without organization. The Committee, organized to bring about the revolution, when it had succeeded in accomplishing its object, maintained its organization and developed it. Young Turkey is to-day, as represented by the Committee, more completely than it has ever been the real ruler of the country. It is worth trying to understand its position, because it is the government of the country with which England and other States have dealt, and will have to deal. It exists, and foreign statesmen have to make the best of it.

The name Young Turkey is appropriate. Of course, the most important signification is in the adjective, to dis-

tinguish it from Old Turk. But the active members of the party are almost all young and inexperienced men. They have felt the necessity of putting old men in their front—Said Pasha now; Kiamil in the first year of the revolution. But the Young Turks are never quite content with their leaders. Kiamil, with a singularly energetic mind, but with a statesmanlike grasp and the caution of old age, was ruthlessly swept aside because he saw the futility, and would not approve the methods of Turkifying Albanians, Arabs, and Christians. Said, though more pliable than Kiamil, is an able veteran, but is tolerated just so long as he consents to do what Young Turkey, as represented by the Committee of Union and Progress, desires. Hakki, the Grand Vizier, between those mentioned, though not an old man, only took office at the urgent request of the Committee, and probably was well content to be relieved of it. Young Turkey recognizes that Turkish Ambassadors ought to have had experience. Nevertheless, the statement remains true that the moving spirits of Young Turkey are young. They have energy, but lack experience; they are impatient of results. The country had fallen so much behind the civilization of all European States that they must drive it forward. They have obtained a constitution, and they must have a majority in the Chamber. If that cannot be obtained by fair means, then other means must be used. They acted upon this principle, and in consequence the new Chamber was obtained rather by nomination than by election.

But in spite of the errors and misdeeds of the Young Turks, they are a great improvement upon their predecessors. I say this, though I have often seen the contrary stated in English newspapers. Much depends on the point of view. I agree with the statement in a letter to *The Nation*

(March 30th, 1912) that "things when seen from a Christian village in Turkey look different from the same things viewed from a London newspaper office." The writer, who is unknown to me, speaks of the report sent to the "Friends of Armenia," a society in London of which Lady Frederick Cavendish is president, which has done, and is doing, splendid work for the victims of Hamidean cruelty. He compares the reports sent to the organ of the society by writers who sign them, who speak "of help and approval given by Turkish officials in places from which they sent nothing but tales of tyranny and cruelty in the time of Abdul Hamid." The revolution gave a stimulus to the forces working for religious equality, and good generally, in Turkey. It gave hope to the subject races and encouragement to those Moslems who, from various motives, wished to see Turkey act justly to all subjects of the Empire. The late Mr. Stead, though his impulsive enthusiasm led him sometimes to form too hasty judgments, kept a mind always open to conviction. When in the pages of this *Review* last July I expressed my belief that Young Turkey, notwithstanding its blunders, would succeed in establishing a permanent government on constitutional lines, that it would muddle through its difficulties, and generally that the internal position of the country was hopeful, he made a comparison in the *Review of Reviews* between the opinions I had expressed and those which, in the same number of *The Contemporary*, Dr. Dillon had given. He showed me the article in proof, and unhesitatingly declared that he agreed with the pessimist rather than the optimist, as he called us. Some six months later he came to Constantinople, moved thereto by indignation at the sudden declaration of war by Italy. He saw the principal members of the Government, the leaders of the Opposition, the

editors of the Turkish papers, the orthodox Patriarch and the heads of the other Christian Churches. He used his tireless energy and genius for learning facts to grasp the situation. When he left he could have dictated columns regarding grievances of the poor Turks and of the Christian communities, and those who knew him do not need to be told that his sympathies were always with the desolate and oppressed. He had an inner view of the situation, and he candidly confessed that he had changed his opinion and had become optimist. He found Jahid Bey, the Editor of the *Tanin*, the organ of the Committee, a man with a clear purpose. He described him to me as "a man quite after my own heart." If Mr. Stead had fully explained what he meant in using this phrase, he would probably have stated that Jahid and the other leading members of the Committee had good ideals, but were not only impatient of results but determined to drive popular opinion in the direction they wanted.

The task before Young Turkey is colossal. Four and a-half centuries of cruel misrule cannot be put an end to in four years. The important question is whether the rulers recognize that it ought to be ended, and are striving to substitute something better. Some of the results which they have to show for their four years of office are utterly indefensible. Many of the worst instances of their improper conduct in the recent elections come from Albania. The Committee aroused so strong a feeling of hostility by their treatment of that country two years ago that the accounts from it are always open to suspicion. But the instances of bad faith and unfairness during the elections are so numerous and detailed as to leave no doubt as to their old substratum of truth. Take a typical instance: At Skotra, when the Christians proposed to meet in the Cathedral

church to select their candidates, a band of Unionists intercepted the chief notables and tried, happily without success, to compel them, under threats of prison or exile, to vote in favor of their candidates. They succeeded only in preventing them from voting. A few Christians however did vote, under the influence of terror or money, for the Committee. It is alleged that a certain Shahin Bey in the same district is acting in connivance with well-known brigands, but that he is tolerated because he declares himself a partisan of the Committee. The suspicion of everything done by the Government is so general that Hadji Adil Bey's Commission was taken to have been named solely for the purposes of the electoral campaign. The dismissal of employés by the Commission was attributed to their opposition to the Committee of Union and Progress. Here suspicion, I think, induces the writers to ignore facts.

The Committee—and I use the word as synonymous with government—has made its greatest failure in Macedonia. The eviction of Bulgarian peasants to make way for immigrants from Bosnia and Herzegovina is especially inexcusable, because it is in violation of the revolutionary programme of justice, irrespective of race or creed. The appalling murder of Bulgarians at Ishtib in December last is hardly less terrible than the news that the court-martial sent to investigate the incident and to punish the culprits was dissolved in April without report and without any person being punished. It suggests that the Government dare not do justice. The same suggestion is caused by the failure to condemn any of the authors of the political assassinations, which have aroused ill-feeling against the Committee. Greeks, Bulgarians, and Albanians speak of the conditions of Macedonia in just as severe terms as they did five years ago. The

appointment of a Commission by the Government five months ago, with the object of reporting upon the condition of the country and with power to apply remedies, was a useful step. It would be rank treason in the eyes of a Young Turk to suggest that the delay in introducing just government is already too great to allow of Macedonia being saved for Turkey. The President of the Commission is Hadji Adil Bey, the Minister of the Interior, and he is aided by Mr. Robert Graves, quite one of the ablest Englishmen in our public service, and by Moslem members. Any report to which Mr. Graves attaches his signature may be trusted, and it is perhaps only fair to await such report. But people who know the country are not hopeful about either the intentions or the power of the Commission. As a palliation of the eviction of Bulgarian peasants to make room for Moslem immigrants it is urged, first, that hospitality to men of their own faith is a religious duty; and second, that the peasants are tenants of Moslem landlords who have the right of eviction. The real reason is the desire to increase the proportion of Moslems to Christians. In an interview with a correspondent of the *Tanin* in the last days of April, Hadji Adil Bey stated that the two great needs of the country are roads and education. The Commission had decided that £T. 62,000 should be spent for roads, principally in the *vilayet* of Janina. If the statement is true, and the money is employed, it is good news. His answer as to schools is vague, but that may be the fault of the interviewer. The best news that has reached the capital of the work of the Commission is that the gendarmerie, to which Mr. Graves has always attached great importance, is to be increased. It now numbers nearly 16,000 men. Though the gendarmes are paid less than the ordinary policemen of the country, the

employment is sought after as being permanent, and the discipline of the new corps is satisfactory. Both in Macedonia and other parts of the Empire they will be employed more in the country than in the large towns. It is significant that a few weeks ago the constant report of misdeeds in Macedonia brought the Bulgarian Committee, known as the Internal Macedonian organization, to the front again; and that according to the manifesto of Professors Georgov and Mileticj this Committee, which suspended its activity at the Turkish revolution, now declares once more for Macedonian autonomy. The factors in the Macedonian problem, including Albania, are so many and complex that it is difficult to predict what the outcome will be. Something will depend on the work of the Committee. If its recommendations are sound, and if they are really followed up by practical measures, there may be hope that Turkey can retain Macedonia. Its condition constitutes a very serious danger for the Government. It may force the Balkan States to take action, and it is a temptation to Austria and Russia to come to an agreement about a new arrangement in the peninsula. If the Internal Macedonian Organization is really about to recommence its operations, the difficulty of the Turkish Government will be largely increased. A bold Turkish statesman would probably establish an autonomous government under the suzerainty of the Sultan. The step would not only relieve Young Turkey of its most difficult problem, but would have the full approval of Bulgaria, Greece, and Servia, each of which is greatly embarrassed by the appeals made to it by men of their own race. Though it is not likely that any Turkish Government will venture on such a step, it may be said that the tendency of events is towards autonomy as providing the best solution, and as relieving Turkey

and the Balkan States from the danger of an Austrian occupation.

One of the reforms in the internal administration of the country which requires attention is that of the Courts of Justice. An ambassador told me a few weeks ago that the consuls in all parts of the Empire reported that no improvement whatever had been made in the administration of justice. The Courts are just as corrupt as ever. Moreover, there is a tendency in many matters to introduce into the commercial courts the provisions of the *Sheri*, or sacred law, provisions which are in some cases quite alien to Western conceptions of justice. Twenty years ago, had an advocate in such Courts quoted the *Sheri*, he would have been told that the Court only recognized the provision of the commercial and civil law, largely borrowed from the French code which the Government had adopted for such courts. It would be easy to mention other shortcomings of Young Turkey, but in presence of the fact that some can see nothing but evil in what they have done, I prefer to ask—are there no hopeful signs? My answer is in the affirmative. They have effected much improvement and desire to effect more. A specially hopeful sign is that the men who have governed the country during nearly four years confess frankly that they have made blunders. Responsibility has had its effect on them. They are losing, or have lost, much of their chauvinism. Some of their wildest and most unreasonable projects—notably that of Turkifying the country—cease to be spoken of. The absolutely fearless discussions in the Chamber of Deputies have had an excellent effect. No efforts of the party in power, or of reactionaries, succeeded in stopping the exposure of abuses. The deputies on both sides were in deadly earnest. While it is true that the Committee has managed the elections in such a manner as to get

rid of their most formidable adversaries, yet it is certain that in the new Chamber there will be men who will not, and cannot, remain silent in presence of abuses. The excuse made by the extreme partisans of the Government, that the opposition in the Chamber rendered it impossible to carry through measures of public utility, was not altogether without justification. Probably half the time of the Ministers was spent in trying to make their personal position secure. That excuse will no longer avail them. By the elections they have gained a free hand. The country hopes to see them making good use of their victory. Even their opponents say: "Now you have things all your own way, let us see whether you can reform the law courts, build roads and railways, and put in order the great mass of confusion which the misgovernment of centuries has caused."

In my six-hundred miles journey already mentioned, as far as the range of Mount Taurus which separates the great central plain of Anatolia from Cilicia, I was once more struck, as all travellers have been, with the poverty of the inhabitants. Under ordinary circumstances there is probably little of the abject and hopeless distress which is to be seen in the unemployed of great cities in the West; but there is a low level of comfort, and the general impression is depressing. The villages of Austria, Germany, France, England, and even of Bulgaria and Servia, appear models of civilization when compared with Turkish villages. Houses constructed of mud in wooden frames, badly built and nearly always out of repair; the absence of ordinary sanitary arrangements; the village road suggesting that a thousand years ago it was fairly made, but has never been mended since; the village rendezvous or coffee-house, often crowded with men who probably do not spend over

their luxurious idleness more than a penny per day; men idle because they have no inducement to work; they and their children, with hungry, pinched faces, often covered with tatters, their clothes patched in half-a-dozen different patterns; great tracts of country without any road, or where a road exists in such a condition that the traveller avoids it, and makes a track over the neighboring land. One sees in a score of places rock tombs and rock dwellings, and wonders whether the inhabitants who hollowed them were less advanced in civilization than their successors. It is a sad sight, because this enormous plain which has been crossed during the centuries by invading armies of Arabs, Crusaders, Seljuks, and others, has contained civilized peoples, and will contain them again. Konia, the Iconium of St. Paul, its most populous city, contains possibly 40,000 souls. The population live among the ruins of former civilizations. Sir W. Ramsay and others have thrown light upon its condition in the time of St. Paul. But the subsequent civilization during the period of the Seljukians in the eleventh and twelfth centuries shows a condition of prosperity greatly superior to the dead-level of poverty which has succeeded it in this city of debris and ruins.

But a hope has dawned upon these people of the plains and the other Turkish peasantry throughout Anatolia; and in order to understand what it is, I must speak of the country generally.

Let us forget for awhile the political situation and the politicians, their wranglings and their personalities. Other aspects afford a test of the value of the changes which the revolution introduced. Let us ask: What has been done for the country? Are its people better off than they were before the revolution? Is the revenue increasing? Do trade and industry show signs of recovering from the in-

cubus under which they suffered under Abdul Hamid? Is life and property more secure? Are the people showing signs of hopefulness? The answers to all these questions are, on the whole, favorable. The pilots and the officers have had serious disputes among themselves, but the ship of State has been steadily, though slowly, forging ahead.

The revenue for the last financial year, as shown by the returns up to the middle of April, is two millions in excess of that of the previous year, and amounts to thirty millions of Turkish pounds.

The construction of railways is going steadily forward. I am strongly tempted to give details, but space permits me here only to deal with railways as affecting the population of the country. Hitherto the peasant in the neighborhood of one of them cultivated, say, only two fields; that is, he grew enough corn to supply food for himself and family, to obtain seed-corn for the following year and to exchange some of his produce for a little coffee and sugar supplied by the village shopkeeper. It was useless to cultivate more, because to get his produce to the market would in most cases have cost him double what he could sell it for. In past years I have given many concrete instances of produce of various kinds, and in many districts of Turkey, which has been allowed to rot because of the cost of transport to a market. Now that the railway has come to his neighborhood the peasant has begun to cultivate four fields, the produce of two of which he can send to market at a profit. Throughout the length of the new lines the same story is heard. New lands are being broken up for cultivation—new, that is, in the sense that they have not been worked for centuries. Upon the long plain of Konia attention is being paid to water supply and irrigation.

A railway in a country like Turkey

is a great civilizer. To enable peasants to get their produce to market brings an inducement to work, offers the prospect of being able to obtain what in the West are considered the necessities of life, such as properly ground flour, salt, sugar, coffee, and soap; of being able to buy a plough and other simple agricultural implements; of village communities being able to support a doctor, a schoolmaster, and a priest. Education follows, for the peasant attaches real importance to a knowledge of reading and writing, and, now that politics have given a new interest in life, wants to read a newspaper. Agriculture is the chief occupation in Turkey. But industrial business has also been making steady progress since the revolution. The manufacture of carpets, which is largely a peasant industry, has taken a great development. The large companies, native and foreign, have difficulty in finding workers to complete their orders. They have to pay wages which would have been regarded as impossible four years ago. The peasant is beginning to learn the value of his labor. Companies also have been formed or extended for making cotton yarn, for weaving cloth, for flig-packing, for extracting olive and other oils. It has been found that the materials exist in several parts of Turkey, and notably near the capital, for making cement and hydraulic lime, and native companies have been formed for utilizing these substances. A builder informs me that he anticipates a great future in Turkey for *beton armé*, which in English is, I believe, fortified cement.

To make the various railways useful, and to develop material prosperity, Young Turkey had to take a preliminary step; namely, to allow freedom of travel. This boon was granted immediately after the revolution. I have heard more said in favor of the abolition of the *yol teskeré*, or local passport,

than of any other advantage which has been conferred upon the people. In a hundred ways such right, which only a stupid rule would have taken from the people, brings improvement. The peasant who will take the opportunity of travel learns that the form of plough he and his fathers have been using for a thousand years can be exchanged for a more useful one, and that agricultural machinery from the West can save labor and money. The education of travel is of utilitarian value.

There are in the plain to which I have so frequently referred communities which have either reverted to a stage of barbarism, or have never grown out of it. At Ivriz, for example, where one of the best of the so-called Phrygian monuments exists, I saw a village which is occupied by those who are possibly the descendants of the Hittites who carved on the gigantic rocks of their almost inaccessible valley, a noble image of their god and of his priest. Armies of invaders have traversed the long plain of which Konia is the centre, and passed the gorges of the Taurus and other ranges which surround it, unheeding the dwellers hidden in the mountains and unwilling to attack where a victory would be dearly bought and prove valueless. So the isolated inhabitants lived on, uncared for and unknown. Ivriz may be taken as a sample of many such villages. Travellers of less than a generation ago noted that its people dressed as their god was represented; that they were not Christians, but had some kind of sun-worship. Some ten years ago, the Governor of Konia, finding that European travellers occasionally visited the valley, sent to say that their women must cover their faces, and to inform them that they were Moslems. He even built them a small mosque. Now, these people and other interesting communities, like one

of Greeks at Sellé, are brought by the railway into communication with the outer world.

Nor are the hopeful signs of which I have spoken only those of material progress. There is especially one notable change deserving notice, which may have far-reaching results. The distressing hostility between the Greeks and the Bulgarians has greatly diminished. The question of the possession of the churches in Macedonia which divided them more than any other has been settled nearly everywhere, and this largely owing to the statesmanlike leadership of the Orthodox Patriarch and the Bulgarian Exarch. The Christian subjects of the Sultan of all races have probably worked more harmoniously together than ever before. The introduction of Christians into the army, and the very serious attempts which Shevket Pasha and other members of the Government have made to conciliate the heads of the Christian communities in regard thereto have had an excellent effect; and this notwithstanding the outrages in Macedonia upon the Christian population. The leaders of the Churches recognize that under a constitutional system, common action can be more effectively taken than ever before. If I am to believe a report which I have not been able to verify, some of the Committee of Union and Progress are somewhat alarmed at this common action, the tradition of *divide et impera* being difficult to forget. But the leading members of the Committee ought to rejoice in it, acknowledging that harmonious working of all the elements of which the nation is composed cannot be obtained by efforts to keep them apart. For probably the first time in Turkish history, the heads of all the Christian communities have met to consult together for common interests. Mr. Stead was greatly delighted to be present at such a meeting, and ex-

plained how, even when they were in a minority, Christians would be able under a constitutional system to make their united votes tell at an election.

Space fails me, or I should like to speak on the continued improvement in the condition of Turkish women. I will only say that all statements to the contrary are discredited by those who know most on the subject.

Something must be said about the capital itself. Travellers who have visited the city during the last few months, and who knew it upwards of four years ago, are surprised at the improvements everywhere seen. The principal streets are better paved than they have ever been. Side-walks of a uniform level, and paved either with cement or with tiles formed of that material, have taken the place of tracks which were either not paved at all or paved, at the will of the neighboring proprietor, with bricks or slabs of stone. The principal streets have been widened by the cutting away of houses which often projected half-way across the street. The chief bridge from Galata and Stamboul, with a traffic in passengers possibly equal to that of London Bridge, was replaced last April by one double the width—about that of Westminster Bridge—which is at once convenient and handsome. An Anglo-French-American Company has preparations well advanced for giving us the telephone. The existing tramway is in process of being transformed from horse traction to that by electricity. Electric railways are promised.

The improved pavement of our streets has allowed us to have taxicabs and auto-buses. There is new life and activity among the citizens. Shops are kept open two hours later than they were four years ago. We are even beginning, since we adopted the European method of keeping our clocks, to learn punctuality. The

war with Italy has told severely on the hotel and shop-keepers. During the spring months of the past three years there have been crowds of excursionists from every European country and from America. These ceased to come, and much local business has been lost. But for these losses incidental to war, the merchants, tradesmen, and laborers of the capital are doing well.

The war with Italy has been a blow to Turkey's progress, but it has had important effects which deserve notice. It has strengthened the hands of the Government. It has made the population appreciate the improvements in the discipline of the army, and at the same time has shown the powerlessness of the Turkish fleet. Until the bombardment of Koum-Kali at the entrance of the Dardanelles, it suggested the struggle between an elephant and a whale. Great was the delight which many Turkish subjects showed when they judged that the bombardment mentioned was due to the belief that the Italians might end in landing an army. In such an eventuality, every Turk believed that their army would make short work with it; a belief which impartial foreigners shared, but always with the proviso that the landing should not be contemporaneous with the descent of a Bulgarian army. As to the enormously increased efficiency of the Turkish troops, no one who has seen their development during the last four years can have any doubt. The experience of the introduction of Christians among them has so far worked well. The slow progress of the Italian expedition in Tripoli has surprised the Turks as much as foreigners. The appearance of Italian ships before several Turkish islands—Samos, Lemnos, Cos, Rhodes, and Mitylene—had little effect. The semi-official attitude among the Turks was that whether the islands are captured or not is a matter of slight importance. The bombardment and

capture of Rhodes is more serious. The object which Italy has in view in taking Rhodes and other islands is obvious. Turkey has constantly declared that she cannot, and will not, surrender Tripoli. Italy has already by a legislative act annexed it. Peace can only be obtained by a decisive defeat, which is highly improbable, or by a bargain; but Italy has nothing to swop. It is true that the Turks declare they do not care whether the islands are taken or not, but Italy does not believe this. It is incredible that the Turks should not regret the loss of islands—especially that of Rhodes—which are associated with some of the most brilliant triumphs of their ablest sultans, notably Mohamet the Conqueror and Suleiman. Until the attack on Rhodes took place, the Turks had done more harm to their own subjects by their measures of defence in the *Ægean* than the Italians had done. The injury to commerce by keeping upwards of a hundred merchant steamers locked up in the Marmora and the Bosphorus fell mostly upon neutrals, and chiefly upon the British and Russian merchants. The statement probably put forward as a feeler in the Turkish papers that the Straits would not be opened until Europe had guaranteed that the Turkish islands should not be attacked, was generally ridiculed as an attempt to force the neutral States to become belligerents on the side of Turkey. It afforded also a useful comment on the wide-spread fiction that Turkey cared little for the loss of her islands. The falling off in customs receipts, owing to the declaration of war, during the first three months was serious, amounting to about £120,000, but it was surprising to see how rapidly Austrian, French, German, and British merchants seized the opportunity of pouring into Turkey their own manufactures, which now come in steadily to replace those which came from Italy. Indeed, the

blow to Italian commerce will be severe because, old markets once lost, recovery becomes difficult. Turkey, from its proximity, was one of the best, if not the best, market for Italian manufactures.

Nevertheless, the continuance of the war is unfortunate for Turkey. The direct and continuous expense, though certainly far below that which Italy is incurring, is heavy. Money is spent on war equipments which can ill be spared. Men are called to the ranks from the fields where they are greatly needed. The Italians, laborers, and others who have been expelled are wanted for this industrial development of the country. In addition to all this there is the constant fear of complications with the Balkan States. It is true that the speeches of last month of Mr. Sassonow in St. Petersburg and Count Berchtold in Vienna confirm the indications previously given that Russia and Austria greatly desire the maintenance of the *status quo* in the Balkan peninsula, but disturbances in Macedonia and Albania may force them to take action. The dismissal of Mr. Charykoff from his post of Russian Ambassador in the month of April last may have been owing to merely personal considerations, but it had the appearance here, and was taken to mean, that he had shown himself too friendly to Young Turkey. It is worth noting that an interview with him published in the last days of December, and which it is believed was submitted to and approved by him, expressed sentiments which a correspondent of the same journal was expressly authorized by St. Petersburg to contradict a few days afterwards.

My conclusion in reference to the progress of Turkey is, that, all things considered, she has made as much progress since July, 1908, as ought reasonably to have been expected. This progress is much less than was hoped

for; but the relief was so great in getting rid of the rule of Abdul Hamid that expectations were raised unduly high. Progress has been hindered by the lack of experienced men, by the necessity of having to employ inefficient public servants in almost every department of the State, or those who knew nothing of the art of governing constitutionally, and many of whom were without sympathy with the aims of the men of the revolution, but feared reaction in which they might become victims. It has also been hindered by the impatience of some of the leaders who wished unduly to hasten the accomplishment of their objects. Checked in some of their designs, they have not had in some matters the courage of their opinions, their most conspicuous failure in this respect being in their dread of free speech in the Press. But while not forgetting their blunders and follies, I repeat that the evidence points to an improved mentality, to the disappearance of chauvinism, and to the power of learning by experience.

Too much has been said in the English Press about the secret character of the Committee of Union and Progress. It has been compared to the secret Venetian Council. It is represented as a mysterious body, spoken of as "the Power behind the throne," and its members have been invited to come out into the open. All this is a little absurd. That there is a committee, whose meetings are supposed to be secret, is well known. But I venture to say that there is not an embassy in the city, or a native who cares to take the trouble, who does not know what goes on in

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them. Anyone who wishes to know who are the leading members present at such meetings, and cares to make inquiries in Constantinople, will have no difficulty in learning. The Committee keeps its secrets largely by telling them to everybody. I should have a hopeless task if I were to defend all that it has done, and still more all that has been done in its name. But, on the other hand, it must be remembered that there is a host of highly placed men, respectable, influential, good as men go, who have no sympathy with constitutional government and no pronounced feeling against it, who welcomed the revolution but disliked the advent of new men who do not belong to their set, and the introduction of measures which they know little about. *Quia non movere* would serve as their motto. The influence, the *vis inertiae*, of this body of men is an impediment to improvements in the empire. As even the valls, the executive officials, the ambassadors, and to some extent the Ministry itself, have to be selected from such body, there is need of a driving force which an energetic body of men with convictions of their own and with their own interests involved in success alone can furnish. So long as the Turkish Government and the Committee of Union and Progress at its back are struggling to establish good government on constitutional lines, they are deserving of British sympathy. They have held their own so far, are stronger than a year ago, and constitute the only alternative to anarchy. Let us make the best of them. I conclude by expressing my belief that the position continues to be hopeful.

Edwin Pears.

SYNDICALISM.

During the past few weeks we have heard and read a great deal about Syndicalism. A few months ago hardly any one in the United Kingdom knew so much as the word; to those who knew the word, it represented something vague, extravagant, foreign, aloof, unlikely to touch us here. But now we are told by every newspaper that the country is dangerously in the grip of Syndicalism. It is difficult for the man of average plain intelligence to believe that the whole world of labor has adopted a new principle and a new method, and set it in tremendous operation suddenly, without preparation, without discovery, even unconsciously to themselves.

It is unreasonable, and it is certainly an erroneous idea. True, we have had a strike of an unprecedented character and magnitude. But a strike, even a general strike, even a universal strike, is not Syndicalism, though, as Demosthenes says, some should burst themselves in affirming it. We propose in the present article to say what Syndicalism is, what its aims are, and in what way it hopes to attain those aims, writing from the Syndicalist point of view, and stating their real fundamental ideas.

The word Syndicalism was originated in France, and was derived from *syndicat*, the French name for a trade union. Literally it means "Unionism," but became the term for the revolutionary economic movement which contended that social revolution must come through the direct action of the labor unions. Socialists and Syndicalists alike look forward to the abolition of the present capitalist system, but while Socialists seek to bring it about by political action, by parliamentary measures accumulating reforms, Syndicalists claim that it is an incredible hope

that a Socialist party can ever obtain an effective majority in any parliament in any country. Socialism has done a great work as an educative and propagandist force. During the past fifty years it has leavened the whole lump of social ideas; yet, in spite of the many changes in capitalistic society, the legal relations between the capitalist and the worker have not undergone any vital essential change, which shows that the social environment within which an economic organism operates may be reformed without affecting the economic organism. A revolutionary process must be an inner process, a series of changes in the balance of the several parts of the economic organism, and cannot be an outer process—a result of a series of legislative influences and friendly transactions between the various parliamentary parties that represent the various classes of the nation. Syndicalism has replaced the mechanical conception of capturing the powers of government through parliamentary action by the dynamic conception of a class struggle through which the workers are to free themselves by transferring the functions and the life of the State to their own unions.

Syndicalists point out that the belief of the working-classes in an all-powerful political party that will automatically realize for them their ideals has demoralized them in so far as they found it unnecessary to make individual efforts for progress, and so confined all their revolutionary activities to—voting. This fetishism prejudiced their economic action, through fear lest their political purposes should be endangered; and, on the other hand, where the Socialist political parties gained influence, they compromised their revolutionary aims for small advantages.

In short, Socialist political action cannot realize the social revolution, while by claiming that it can, and so holding back the revolutionary energies of the workers, it limits their economic movement. Syndicalism transfers all problems of social evolution from the political to the economic field, and assigns to Socialist political action its sphere in obtaining the common advantages of democracy, constitutional and cultural reforms, conditions that may facilitate the organization of the workers.

Having got so far, the Syndicalist theorists considered deeply the means by which they must carry out their plans for arriving at supremacy; what part violence can be called on to play in proletarian movements, general strikes as creative of proletarian energies, the organization of Syndicalist society. All these theories and discussions were academic; they helped to clarify, to establish principles, but could not further the Syndicalist movement in any real way. Syndicalism, as a doctrine, has now practically exhausted and solved its problems, and its fundamental conclusion is that the revolutionary energies of the working-class are to be worked out in their economic movement and through their own functions as workers.

Then Syndicalism made its great practical mistake, imagining that when it had worked out this principle and proved it theoretically to the working-classes, the working-classes, perceiving and accepting its truth, would at once become the ideal type of revolutionist as visualized by the Syndicalist, and be capable of realizing the new social order. Essentially the same mistake as was made by the Socialist parliamentarians when they declared that if working-men would only send a Socialist majority to parliament, Socialism could be realized at once.

The Syndicalist theorists themselves

perceived their mistake, and most of them turned their attention to other problems. But the practical Syndicalists not only continued their original work—out of which had sprung all the theories—but found their ideas clarified and settled as the result of the working of the theories. What they felt to be true has become, through knowledge, a solid, practical standpoint, and more than ever they are assured that Syndicalism is substantially a practical method: it lives and moves and has its essence in action. They look for nothing from the past, and intend resolutely to possess the future.

Syndicalism is not, then, an artificial movement created by a group of French and Italian theorists and agitators. As a theory it is the expression of working-class experiences in the political and economic fields; while, as a practical movement, it is the inevitable response of the working-classes to the development of the industrial structure of society. The best proof of this lies in the fact that in different countries groups of workers have worked out a line of action which has all the characteristic features of Syndicalism, though they adopt the name only when it is attached to their method by their opponents, or when they discover that their independent theories and practice correspond with the Italian and French theories.

In America labor organizations found that, against trusts, and against technical developments that reduce the significance of individual trades and skill in industries, there is but one way to fight, namely, by merging the trade unions into industrial unions embracing all the workers in all the skilled or unskilled occupations within a particular industry. The same thing is taking place in England, in some of her colonies, and wherever modern industrial evolution is at work. Now the industrial union organized to make the

working-class better fitted to secure advantages from powerful capitalist corporations becomes the soil in which a revolutionary ideology inevitably springs up and thrives. The attention of the worker in the mass turns to the problem of organization, and inasmuch as the immediate aim of the organization is to secure greater control over the processes of production in their particular industry, the mass of the workers—or, at any rate, in the beginning the more alert, more educated, and foreseeing minority—becomes interested in the technical problem of production.

Through this technical interest the workers become more efficient, and their social and class consciousness grows. They want to work more and more effectively—not, however, for the capitalist, or for the State, but for the collective body of the workers. And it is here that the Syndicalists find their creed—that the best and simplest way of creating a new social order is by the organizations preparing for taking over their industries and carrying them on for the benefit of the collectivity. Each individual having a trade, each individual being a producer, the speediest and most organic way is to organize him as such and give him a social aim. When the workers have attained the highest technical skill and efficiency, when they are able and ready actually to run their industries, ready with their perfected organization and their skilled professional individuality, they will then take them over. Strikes, general strikes, and other forms of resistance are not the whole of Syndicalism; they are only means towards an end; and, above all, they teach the workers their power or their weakness, they are moulding their intellectual and moral energies, they make them perceive new issues and new human relations, new problems and their solutions.

This process goes on in different

countries quite independently of any theory. The great Post Office strikes in France are in everybody's memory. They have been denounced as barbarous manifestations of irresponsible egotism paralyzing the life of the nation wantonly and ruthlessly. But if we consider these strikes from the inside, we find a new point of view—the point of view of the Syndicalized Post Office workers.

The employés were tired of being directed and dominated by a political department administered by politicians who had no comprehension of the work of the Post Office clerk, nor indeed of work in general. They proposed, then, to deal with technical questions themselves, and to eliminate the present political element in administration, which offended their practical sense and their intimate and profound sentiments of right. They struggled for the autonomy and freedom of labor.

"The guarantee that this autonomy of labor will operate for the community lies in the fact that a demand for it advanced by the Post Office employés sprang from a professional sense of their effective worth jealously fostered, from a clear conception of economic relations, from a realization of the public interests and of the responsibilities connected with an industry of such national importance as the Post Office service."¹

For some years past the General Association of Post Office Employés of France has turned its attention to professional problems connected with its own service and administration. It has denounced the State as incompetent to run the department, and has occupied itself with technical reforms, with the improvement of the service, and has tried to awaken the professional consciousness of the employés, to give them a high conception of their

¹ G. Beauboiss, *L'Organisation Syndicaliste du Service des Postes*, in the *Mouvement Socialiste*, April 1908.

work, and a dignity—the dignity of the conscious producer.

Stimulated in this way, the employés have searched out faults in the complex mechanism of the service, have tried to neutralize mistakes due to the incompetent administration, to save money and labor—in a word, they have safeguarded the interests of the public. Many reforms have been originated by quite obscure clerks of humble rank, and through the professional group action of the employés many changes have been made to the public advantage.

"The effective value of the organization suggests that without the officials now retained at high salaries the department could work better and cheaper, animated by a new life, enriched by the competency and devotion of the employés, whose work their Association succeeded in co-ordinating."

The strike of the Post Office employés, then, was only an incident in their genuinely Syndicalist training. It was more than an expression of their suffering under inefficient administration, it was the expression of their consciousness of ability to carry on the whole postal service through their own organization more efficiently in their own and the public interest.

It is wholly wrong to say, as so many newspapers and magazines have lately declared, that Syndicalism is a crude method by which the workers try to capture an industry by reducing their own efficiency and output, by irritation strikes, by sabotage, &c., until the industry becomes unprofitable to the management and must come to terms. These means have always been applied by labor organizations for obtaining concessions; Syndicalists also apply them under certain conditions. They are merely incidents in the struggle for victory over the capitalist class. But

* Monbrunaud: *La Grève des Postes et sa portée sociale*.

they do not explain or represent the fundamental characteristics and ideal of the Syndicalist movement, the collective effort of the workers to raise the level of their competency in reference to their industries, and to use this increased competency for the benefit of the collectivity.

Syndicalists perceive the tremendous difficulty of social progress. They know it could make no substantial difference to have a new social order with the human material of the present order unchanged. Accordingly, they endeavor to combine the creation of the new society with the creation of the new man. They have a vision of a future in which social discipline will be evolved by the nature of the labor to be accomplished; of a future in which labor will be free and at the same time organized under an inner logical discipline voluntarily accepted. They firmly believe that the realization of such a future depends entirely upon their personal qualities and efforts, and upon their moral value. And so they consciously seek out ways of increasing the technical capacities of the individual worker, knowing that through this he will desire a profound change in the organization of the industries in particular and society in general. They are, therefore, intent on teaching the young workers all the details of their profession, in order to make them capable of taking the organization of production into their own hands.

This has been very well expressed by G. Beaubois, a clerk in the French Post Office: "Syndicalists must take care of the technical, moral, and social perfection of the young workers; they must guide and advise them, and awaken in them the spirit of observation, the qualities of initiative and energy. They must efface the painful and repugnant features that accompany labor under the present organization of production. The problem of progress

lies in saving work from monotony and routine, from fatality and servitude. In other words, the problem of progress lies in freeing work and ennobling it. To initiate every worker into the progress of industry and the marvels of human activity, to show them the usefulness of their efforts and the grandeur of their work—this is to give them a passion, a soul, a conscience.

"The labor organizations should become paternal homes for the young workers, protecting them from all temptations and leading them into life. A revolution does not improvise itself, and it is necessary that in the industrial groups new ideas, new collective sentiments, should be born, and should develop and prepare the social change."

This process of preparing the creation of the new society by the creation of new men and new industrial organizations with new functions—functions essentially different from those existing—is the basic tendency of theoretical and practical Syndicalism.

And this tendency is such an organic product of certain conditions prepared by industrial progress and by a living social morality called forth in the working-class by the Socialist educative propaganda, that it imposes itself upon organizations that do not propose to call themselves Syndicalists, or that in reality have not even been touched by Syndicalist theories.

The greatest practical experiment in Syndicalism has been carried on now for some ten years by the Industrial Union of the Bottle Blowers of Italy, which had always been a so-called "safe" Socialist organization, adhering firmly to the Socialist theory of realizing a Socialist society by political action.

In Italy the bottle-making industry now lies between the factories of the Industrial Union and the Bottle Trust. The beginning was in a strike against

one glass manufacturer who refused a series of demands from the Bottle Blowers' Union, to which all workers in the bottle industry, whatever their trade, belong. After a year of struggle, the Union made a tremendous effort, raised a fund among its own members, many of them contributing all their money, selling all their belongings, even their beds, and with this fund they set up a factory, in which part of their comrades on strike found work. This factory was an immediate success, and a new furnace was planned to give work to yet more members of the Union on strike or out of employment. Without help from mechanics or masons, the men built the second furnace themselves in forty-seven days, a surprising feat considering that in normal circumstances it would have meant six months' uninterrupted work. All the strikers found work in their own factory, the manufacturer was beaten and was finally absorbed by the Trust, which granted all the demands of the Union for its members, comprising practically all the glass-blowers employed in Italy.

But now the co-operative factory became a competitor with the Trust, and the Trust, seeking to crush it before it should become too firmly established, quarrelled with the Union, which led to a series of strikes. Nearly every strike meant the starting of a new co-operative factory, so that the Trust found its commercial activities curtailed and its profits diminished. Then the Trust tried to beat them by underselling, and by persuading the banks to refuse them credit. This method failed, for the better wares and the technical superiority of the co-operative factories gained a decisive victory. Each factory produced a special bottle of such excellent quality that though its prices were higher than those of the Trust, it could dispose of its whole output in advance.

At the present moment the Union has about 3,500 members, of whom the Trust employs 1,000 and the co-operative factories 2,500. There are a very few bottle-blowers not in the union, mostly foreigners. Every member of the Union is a shareholder, even those working in the factories of the Trust.

Two factors have especially contributed to the success of the workers. One is the technical efficiency of the glass-blowers, their professional consciousness brought out in their effort to create collectively something new and positive. The other factor is their moral solidarity evolved by their Socialist training. Their Socialist education imbued the glass-workers with that high sense of solidarity which calls for some productive work and is not satisfied with mere indulging in sentiments, while their professional and industrial organization gave a definite form to their work and made them capable of realizing their productive aim. In their struggle they forgot their immediate interests and worked with all their energy for the liberation of their whole class from capitalism. They were dominated by a social vision, by a greater sense of human fraternity. A wonderful discipline prevails in their factories, a discipline that guarantees a continuous process of production and fires each worker to work at his best. In all the factories of this Union there is not a single overseer, and the technical and business managers are all bottle-blowers.

The moral solidarity created by the struggle awakened the conscience of workers in all directions. For example, glass-blowers the world over are heavy drinkers, but these men gave up drinking. Their life being filled with an ideal, a social purpose, and a continuous concentration on various problems, they find pleasure in it, and have no need to drink for solace.

They renounced their legitimate divi-

dends, accepting the same wages as their comrades working for capitalist concerns, and turned over all the net profits of their co-operative to mutual-aid funds; and, as we said before, they gave up, and are still giving up when necessary, their last farthing toward the establishment or strengthening of their movement.

They have no intention whatever of becoming capitalists. They want to free themselves from capitalism and to set an example to other workers. With the profits of their enterprise they help the Socialist and labor movements, they provide schools for their own children and for the children of other workers, and were actually among the first to adopt the now famous Montessori system of kindergarten education. They built workmen's houses, providing better homes, better nucleuses for the new social life.

Their factories are model factories in the industry; they are the best equipped in the world with labor-saving machinery, labor-protecting devices, hygienic arrangements, and they are prepared to introduce any new technical or financial method in their industry. Experts from all countries come to them to learn and profit by their experience. And by their example and by their closer union with the workers employed in all the other branches of the glass industry, they are in a fair way to raise to their own level a group of about ten thousand workers.

In short, they have improved the conditions of their own life and work, making both healthier and less irksome, accomplishing their higher duty to themselves, since a revolutionary working class must elevate its material level in order to make itself fit for fulfilling its social mission.

This movement, then, represents the new fact of Syndicalism in operation. An industrial union of workers has found within itself all the necessary

elements for resistance against organized capital and all the necessary factors for progressing towards the positive and thorough conquest of the means of production.

The Bottle Blowers' Industrial Union of Italy has discovered the material, technical, commercial, and moral capacities for getting hold, within a comparatively short period of time, of the biggest share of the Italian bottle industry, and sooner or later it will undoubtedly run the whole industry through its co-operatives.

The force which these workers have substituted for individual and associated capitalist initiative, namely, the collective effort and efficiency of their organized class, foreshadows to Syndicalists the future, for they declare that just this professional consciousness and moral training is the force which will lead to the future social order and on which it will depend, and, as it is in the present, so will it be in the future a source of unceasing economic progress and continuously growing moral improvement.

In agriculture, the basic industry of Italy, the same factors are at work on a much larger scale. Here some 200,000 acres have passed into the hands of the farm laborers organized into unions and co-operative societies. Through industrial organizations and Socialist education the agricultural laborers acquired the power, the technical capacity, and the moral energies to fight for, obtain, and run their industry. They do not, however, own their lands themselves, but lease them from the landowners.

The landowners were confronted, and are still confronted, by a situation from which there seems no other peaceful way out than the leasing of the fields to the co-operative societies of the laborers. The laborers, having through their unions obtained in many localities practically a monopoly of

farm labor, struck for higher wages and shorter working hours. The landowners, on the one hand, claimed that the profits from farming would not allow this increase in the cost of production; and the unions, on the other hand, insisted, and indeed proved with exact figures, that the granting of their demands would not necessarily impair the profits of the landowners. After many prolonged strikes and boycotts the contending parties finally came to the following settlement:

The unions of the laborers legally organized themselves into co-operative societies, and leased the farms from the landowners on the same terms that had been usually agreed between landowners and the tenant farmers. These co-operatives, now leasing a couple of hundred thousand acres, have not only satisfied the landowners by prompt payment of rent, but have so improved the land that the landlords, after the expiration of the first leases with the co-operatives, have usually been glad to renew them.

Space does not allow to go into the details of the working of this system. Its chief features are as follows: The landowners are protected from strikes; they are getting their former average income, and at the same time their farms are being technically improved—therefore, growing in value. The workers have a greater control over their own industry, and so their desires are satisfied. They are responsible for the management of the farms, but at the same time the results of their efforts to produce more efficiently are entirely their own.

They are also in a position to regulate employment, since they are not looking for dividends; they can and actually do eliminate the former brutal sacrificing of the unemployed, of the old and less fit workers, by organizing work so as to give employment to all of the union, and in many cases even

to the non-union workers. Thus, under this system, a high principle of solidarity is realized through the moral force of collective control necessarily obtaining in an organization with so wide a scope, the workers become alive to the problems of industry and hence become more efficient, and they educate themselves to active solidarity by obliging themselves to work more intensively in the interest of their fellow-workers.

Many Italian municipalities and charitable institutions have leased their farms to the co-operative societies of laborers, preferring them to the tenant speculators. A great number of absentee landlords in Sicily have been for generations robbed and their land ruined by the same tenant speculators, and hence have willingly turned over their land to the organized peasants.

The importance of this new and essentially Syndicalist departure in farming has been recognized by the Italian Government as a valuable asset in the economy of the nation. A Bill is before the Italian Parliament considering the leasing of the Italian State lands, amounting to several million acres, to these co-operative societies. The same Bill proposes the establishment of a co-operative bank that, by giving credit to the land laborers on favorable terms, will encourage their collective organizations.

There are several other important organizations in Italy that are developing on similar lines; for instance, reclamation work is carried out on a large scale for municipalities and the State by co-operative societies of laborers who have fitted themselves technically and morally to accomplish the most difficult work at less cost and in less time than the capitalist contractors, and are therefore given the preference by the State and the municipal authorities.

One of the greatest Syndicalist associations in the world is the Industrial Union of Italian Railwaymen, including practically all the employes of the State railways except the higher officials. Still far from being a perfect organization, faced with many internal problems that must be solved before it realizes its whole power, it is even now a strong and intelligent factor in the life of the country. We cannot in the present article attempt more than a very slight indication of its complex activity and the important part it plays in the Italy of to-day.

By its method of organizing according to the technical nature of each man's occupation, while the problems of the whole service are kept before the mind of every member and his opinion and vote called for on each, the men are educated to a keen interest in everything that concerns the whole work of the railways. That they have arrived at a considerable degree of success is proved by the fact that conscious of their increased collective efficiency and power, they set before themselves the revolutionary aim—"The Railways for the Railwaymen."

This is not simply a vague Syndicalist war-cry, but is inspired by the actual conditions of the railway system. The State in 1905 took over the railways at a great price, proposing to give better and cheaper service, but the technical incompetence of the bureaucratic administration has demoralized the system and brought about a growing yearly deficit in the returns. Innumerable sinecures and well-paid offices were established; but the State neglected the technical side, and with increased financial burden came greater confusion in the working.

On the other hand, through their organization the workers have been eagerly learning details of every kind of work necessary for the proper effective managing of the railways, and

now they seek to get control over their administration, so as to manage the railways for the nation. They propose to do this as a co-operative society, which would be made up of the members of their union.

The administration would dispense with bureaucratic control. The highest positions would be occupied by men chosen for their knowledge, initiative, and capacity by the workers themselves, while at present they are held by men who have political influence or have automatically risen to them. Being free from political ties, the co-operative railways could suppress the thousands of clerical jobs, and increase the number of productive workers, securing a safer, prompter, cheaper service.

The workers would receive a certain minimum wage, and would share in the net profits as well. Necessary capital would be obtained from profits, from shares subscribed for by the men themselves, and from issues of preference shares. The State would retain in some simple form the right of supervising the administration without directly interfering with details. It would establish the tariffs and regulate the necessary service of trains, and would, if necessary, contribute part of the cost of alterations if imposed.

So severe is the breakdown of the State railway system in Italy, so clearly have the railway men shown their professional keenness and capacity, that even conservative economists of world-wide reputation and experts such as Vilfredo Pareto have declared that the one practical solution of the trouble is, since private ownership is a public nuisance, and State ownership a veritable disaster, to entrust the State railways to the co-operative enterprise of the organized railwaymen.

The State itself made a step in this direction with the Railway Law of April 13th, 1911, which recognizes the

union of the railroad-men by giving to every trade within its organization a voice, through an elected representative, in the technical development of the railways, and in the discussion of all administrative problems connected with them. The Government thus proved its recognition of the fact that it cannot run the railway industry efficiently without the direct co-operation and advice of the employes, or without considering the lessons of their daily practical experiences.

The gist of Syndicalist theories and action lies in their dogma, "The social revolution is a practical problem." It is a practical problem, and a vast practical work, which changes men and institutions, succeeding in proportion as men and institutions change nationally and internationally. For though some organizations of workers may be more advanced than others, though some may even begin to put their powers in motion, the Syndicalists claim that the movement will realize itself completely only when it becomes international and universal.

Accordingly, they endeavor to make their work international. They have a practical programme: first, to secure national industrial unionism, the amalgamations of trade unions into industrial bodies capable of taking action at all points of an industry; secondly, to bring into closer relations the different industrial organizations of every country, and at the same time to bring about an international affiliation and co-operation.

Then there are the open fights, through which, whether they win or lose, the workers learn their powers and their shortcomings, and how to extend or counteract them.

Out of all this intense continuous activity comes the formulation of the Syndicalist theory of social progress: that the world of the future is for the workers, and that to prepare for this

future world the workers must organize themselves into harmonious, compact, professionally conscious unions, individually increasing their technical knowledge and efficiency, collectively fitting themselves for the successful management of their industries. They maintain that the problems of social evolution reduce themselves to problems of organization; that progress does not operate independently of man's will, but is created by virtue of his conscious desires and organized action. According to the Syndicalist, progress towards his ideal society will only be realized by the organized will of the working-class.

Odon Por and F. M. Atkinson.

The English Review.

FORTUNA CHANCE.

BY JAMES PRIOR.

CHAPTER XXV.

HOPE AND THE RIVER.

He was roused by the return of the horses and of the men's voices. Painfully he rose and straightened himself up until when two feet short of his height his head touched the roof. The horsemen approached through the mist like night phantoms gradually assuming day and substance. They seemed to be for going by when one of them, the groom conjecturably, stopped and said:

"I belave that's one o' them little hidy-holes I meant. Ho'd my hoss; I hae a feeling like as he were theer. Anyhow I'll goo an' mope for him from one end on't to tother."

Roland stooped more and moved up the dark cavern hands first, feeling his way by the dripping walls, and the sound of his footsteps was covered by the groom's noisy dismounting and approach. Still as he went the cave became lower and narrower. He had to come to a stop before he was jammed in. He felt like a rat in a trap, caught. But his imminent peril gave his faculties the spur. At that last step he struck one of his feet against a loose stone. With a desperate intention he stooped and raised it; it was about as big as a man's head. He met the groom, who was blundering up the cave head foremost, stooping more

than need was, and using the stone as a battering-ram he smote him on the crown. The groom staggered back to the mouth of the cave half-stunned.

"Drowed a damned blank," he said.

"To'd thee so," answered the whipper-in.

"Not that nayther awtogether, for I got to t' end on't sooner nor I tho't an' joled my yed again t' floor."

"Again t' roof, thou manes."

"Both, mon; my feet again t' roof an' by yed again t' floor. It mun be as hard as a Hathersage mill-stun not to a cauvd in."

As the groom mounted again the whipper-in whistled and said, "The duke'll mak a fine to-do I doubt."

"Yo mun find him a fox, or that fallin' a hare."

They rode away, the groom rubbing his sore head, the whipper-in humming the refrain of a popular song, "And was not, was not that a pity?" As soon as he dared Roland came forth from his cramped position, and hastened down hill at something as near a run as he could manage. As he rapidly descended the mist thickened. A pallid light went about in it but with the furtiveness of a stray; it made the mist itself visible and little else. On either side rose the cliffs, unsubstantial, apparent only for a portion of their height, like the beginnings of

a threat. When he came where the ground fell away less quickly, he saw as it were the nucleus of a denser fog, which approaching him took gradually a less exaggerated size, a more definite form, as the umbra, then the substance and hardly that of a man; a gaunt fleshless stooping figure, clad in leather from brimless hat to much-worn shoes. He carried a basket of mining tools at his back; his hair and beard were long and wild and black, but perhaps the mist gave some of that deathly ghastliness to the leaden hue of his skin. Roland was for passing by, but the newcomer stood in his way. He spoke, and his speech was as strange and uncouth as his appearance.

"Hast seed oat," he said, "o' t' chap as killed hisself deid a-tumblin' from top to bottom o' t' Winnats? Dost hear? Spake or else let a be."

Roland stood dumbfounded.

"Aw reet. Let a be then. But mebbe thou'rt him thyself. Thou'rt noan deid, and yet thou doesna look quite wick.¹ I reckon thou'st bin so nee death 'at thou'st seed his fow² face and are frettened o't. Well, deid or wick, lad, dunna goo down into Castleton. Iv thou does wi' that face they'll nab thee, sure as sure, for a deid mon out a-walkin'."

"Which way must I take?" said Roland at last.

"I've a feelin' for thee, lad. I'm welly nee death mysel, an' I goo about sayin' 'Which way mun I tak?' But I hanna gotten no kindly answer from nayther parson nor clerk nor nubbudy. An' I sit awhoam³ an' think it ower wi' mich labber, but my tho'ts gie me no kindly answer. 'Toad trodden way, thou fool,' say they aw. But it looks awful lonely to be sich a common way. Well, well, what mun be mun be. I can show thee a road 'at wunna

do for me. Look up, mon; foller me. For thee, noan for me."

The miner led him by a foot-path across a level meadow thick with fog, white with frost. After a while the ground began to rise and he saw before him dimly, first a smoking furnace, then heaps of mineral rubbish encumbering the hillside, a rude hovel or two, and appearances of men and women apparently busy thereabouts.

"But I munna let t' folks see thee," his guide muttered. "Mebbe they'd ax more questions nor thou'st answers for i' thy poke."

He led him aside up the hill, which increased rapidly in steepness. Soon the fog was so thin before them that the dividing line of hill and sky appeared above. It was indeed the same ridge as Roland had seen from Windy Knoll, and that was Mam Tor itself looming large on their left hand. From far away down the valley came the sound of a horn. The guide stopped and said:

"Dost want to get to Hope?"

Roland caught at the well-omened name.

"Ay, to Hope if I may. But where is Hope?"

"We conna see't for t' mist: but hark to me. Thou mun goo up to yonner rigg, and thou mun kape along it while thou cooms to Back Tor. Thou'll meet nubbudy; Jack Shepherd'll be gone after a' hounds."

"How shall I know Back Tor?" asked Roland.

"By t' name. 'Twill rare up its back afore thee like a great awful cat; high up afore thee, like things thou sees i' thy sleep. Then if thou'rt boun' for Hope, thou mun lave follerin' t' rigg an' draw a little to t' reet an' pass unner Lose Hill; that'll bring thee straight to Hope. Lose Hill's o' one side Hope an' Win Hill o' tother. Down Lose Hill, that mun be; up Win Hill,

¹ Quick, alive.

² Foul, ugly.

³ At home.

that may be. But atween Hope an' Win Hill there's a river."

"What river?" asked Roland.

"Some ud say t' river Jordan; I say t' river Noe."

"No?"

"Ay, or Noe river; accordin' as thou taks it."

With such enigmatical words he turned his back on Roland's thanks and slunk downhill again into the fog. Roland strode uphill. The rise was abrupt; he was soon out of the fog and out of breath. He rested a little while and then clambered higher. He saw gorse in bloom; like a friendly face it put heart into him and before long he gained the ridge. On either side he saw a valley fog-possessed, beyond which hills stood dimly forth like darksome cliffs repelling a white sea. Especially on the left one huge formless thing towered up, a flat-topped lump of a mountain, and occupied all that front, seeming only the more sullenly gray for the sunlight that played upon its frown. To his unaccustomed eyes it looked like a monstrous deformity in stone; he was glad to turn away to the task before him.

He followed the ridge, and after about half a mile came to Back Tor; he did not mistake it, he knew it by its name. For the ridge which had hitherto been fairly even suddenly leapt up before him; and the hillside on his left hand was shorn clean away leaving a sheer precipice. He avoided it on the right, still heading in nearly the same direction. After Back Tor the ridge rose yet higher, then rapidly falling disappeared in the fog. Would that be Lose Hill? Yonder in front of him beyond the waste of fog stood forth a sun-lit eminence crowned by a peak, which sat on it like a dwarf's cap on a gigantic head. Was that Win Hill? And was Hope anywhere between the two? Anyhow he declined the rise offered him close at hand, and

descending into the valley made straight for the sunny hill beyond.

The fog was somewhat less dense than before, but soon he lost sight of both hills and everything but the ground he trod on, no wide circle. He reached the level ground at the bottom, and almost walked into a little knot of men a-foot armed with bill-hooks, sickles and stakes. One of them saw him and raised a shout; but before they had made their dash for him he had run by. Before he had run many yards he found the ground before him traversed by a swift stream, jumped in up to his middle and waded across. Was that the river Noe? It certainly was not no river. His pursuers shouting to one another contradictory recommendations ran some up and some down in search of a better crossing-place, lost sight of him and did not trouble him again. Still he ran on across a narrow meadow, until the upward tilt and the roughness of the ground brought him to a more moderate pace. Presently the ascent was so steep that he was constrained to bear a little to the right in order to ease it. Where was Hope? Had he gone by and lost it, or was it still attainable before him?

He heard the thud of horses' hoofs on the hillside, stopped and crouched among the heather. Two horsemen appeared out of the fog about a furlong off; so much clearer was the air. He lay still while they rode by into the fog again; then he rose and pushed on more hurriedly, always lessening the gradient by taking it aslant. He reached a height at which there was a strong breeze, icy-cold to his sweaty brow, and the air was clear; which was not at first apparent to him, so dim were his eyes in that turmoil of his blood. He stood panting, doubled up, only long enough to half-regain his breath and eyesight, then mechanically resumed his course, but without aim,

his strength almost spent, his spirits lapsed. Weary of climbing he turned and moved on almost at a level, having the rising steep on his left hand and the descending on his right. He felt that he had somehow missed Hope, felt beset on every side by armed horsemen and footmen. The ground became yet rougher, often boggy or crossed by watercourses, and the steepes upon his left and right were yet steeper. After a while the sun, which had been troubling his eyes, shone upon his back, a sensible relief. Still he stumbled on, not looking so far forward as to his next step, ever thinking that his then step would be his last. Unawares he must have begun to descend, for he was again involved in mist, unless that dimness was caused by a clouding of his vision. But he also heard, which must have been outward; heard the faint clatter from below of horses' hoofs as on a hard road.

Suddenly his going tended abruptly downwards; some dozen short staggering steps. Then as it seemed by the greater effort asked of him the succeeding step, the thirteenth or so, was planted on ground as abruptly mounting. His hinder foot refused the effort; he stood panting with a hand on each knee. Without any sound of approach a man stood before him. His heart gave a leap, his feet were fastened to the ground; he thought he was taken. Next moment he perceived the Highland dress; he was a second or two longer in seeing that the outstretched hand held not a weapon but a flask glittering with silver. One hand released a knee, accepted the flask and put it to his mouth. He drank of the brandy in it and straightened his back. His clearer sight recognized the Highlanders' fore-speaker. He had descended into a tiny clough, a mere furrow, running straight down the hillside. It had a dribble of water at the bottom and a

scattering all along of young oak and beech.

The Highlander turned away downhill beckoning him to follow; which he did limping. Soon they came where the fog was somewhat denser and a thicker growth of beech saplings, which still kept much of their foliage, afforded considerable cover. There more Highlanders were gathered, the bulk of them it seemed, seated against trees or lying along the bank. These hardly lifted an eye on the new-comer, but the orator gave him a hunch of bread from his pouch. It would seem that even during the hazards of flight they had ventured on a little thievery.

A breeze was springing up and the fog was fast disappearing. On the other side of the valley, about a mile away, a jagged cliff dimly appeared. Sunshine crowned the beech under which Roland sat and ate, and it turned the dull russet leaves to the color of flame. From the topmost bough a robin began to sing. When it had sung it fluttered down to the branch just over Roland's head, twittered there a little, alighted on the ground at his feet, looked him boldly in the face, came within arm's length and pecked up the crumbs he dropped. Then again it flew to its singing place and renewed its song. The Highlanders, who had seemed so sullenly indifferent to Roland's presence, had every man turned and looked and listened with an absorbed interest while the little bird piped and hopped. As soon as it flew away, as though that had been the signal, the whole party rose and stole in silence down the clough, which deepened somewhat as it descended. It descended so quickly that in a few minutes they had overtaken the receding mist. Then they came upon one of their fellows. He put up his hand; they stopped at once and crouched where they stood, so as to make the most of the shelter afforded by the trees and

the ground. Roland did as they did. Not only could he hear from below the rush of a turbulent river but also men's voices.

Now only in the trough of the valley had the fog any body. The outlaws looking to their every step went down a little further, almost to the mouth of the clough. The river into which it drained itself was so near that they could see its furtive gleam. Standing and listening they could hear the voices of Englishmen stationed close at hand, the stamping of their horses, the jingling of their accoutrements. Apparently these were keeping careless watch, for loud speech and laughter passed from one to another. Presently there was a double thump upon the ground above, such as a jack-hare would make with his strong hind-legs. Immediately each Highlander adjusted his booty, then with his right hand quietly unsheathed sword, with his left clutched dirk and assumed shield or made ready his claymore with both. The orator put a naked dagger into Roland's hand.

Again they stood and waited, silent, motionless; until there was again that double thump. Then they all together sprang out of hiding and with a loud barbaric shout, the very scream of war, dashed down to the river; also to a bridge, and a party of horsemen on and by it, a dozen or more, of whom some were mounted, some dismounted, all unprepared. Their horses took fright at the outcry and the clash of arms. The foremost reared and threw his rider, half of them bolted in a body; of the rest two were hocked, one pistolled, and their riders fell with them. Only one Englishman fired a shot, only one drew sword, and they were among those who had dismounted. He who fired, fired into the air, his pistol being knocked up by a Highland targe, whose spike forthwith did rough dentistry upon his teeth. He who drew did but

just let blood in a cateran's arm and was felled by the stock of the cateran's pistol. The bridge was carried at one rush. Roland was the last to clear it. A farmer whose horse had been disabled hooked him round the throat with his whip, and said:

"Who's to pee for poor oad Ball?" Roland threatened him with the dirk. "A carving-knife? Thankee kindly; 'tisna our dinner-time yit."

With that he let Roland pass. Two teeth knocked out, three horses disabled was the sum of the bloodshed. It was evidently no desire of the crafty freebooters to rouse the country against them by unnecessary violence. By then the gentleman who had been thrown at the first end of the bridge had risen to his feet, confounded as much by the present quiet as by that furious onset and his fall.

"Where's Barker? Where's Wright?" he said to a comrade who had kept his seat, and scarcely that.

"Oh, they have matched their horses one against tother and are now engaged *equis virisque* in settling the wager."

"And what have you been doing?"

"Practising the noble art of equitation."

"Then I may say that I have been practising the noble art of disequitation?"

"The noblest art of all, witness the performances of the noble Carteret, the noble Pulteney, the noble Walpole and the equally noble etceteras."

The unhorsed gentleman was now horsed again, and the two rode off apace with such few others as had kept their ground and saved their horses, leaving the gentleman who had been stunned to condole with the gentleman who was spitting out his teeth. In a quarter of a mile the road divided right and left, up and down the valley. The stampede of the horses had been stayed and they were returning to the pursuit.

Moreover the alarm had spread as if on wings and other horsemen were riding up post-haste on either hand. But the Highlandmen, taking the shortest road to safety, had turned neither to right nor left but had run straight up what fronted them. Neither its steepness nor roughness affected their speed one whit, but to Roland, out of condition and mauled as he was, it seemed to frown down like a very hill of difficulty. He fell behind, and would soon have been overtaken had not the orator stepped back to him and taken him under his arm. At a word from him another stalwart mountaineer did the like on the other side. Thus the two upheld his failing strength as with mainstays and hurried, almost dragged him along at a pace that was marvelous under the circumstances. As for Roland he worked his legs without volition, being subjected to the will of the men who ran on either side of him.

The ground before them became yet steeper, more thickly beset with boulders and other impediments; they were approaching the cliff that capped its brow. Then there was the report of a gun. The cateran with the fowling-piece had shot down the horse of the foremost rider. Next moment Roland's supporters dropped him behind a great lump of rock and sped on without apparent break; but instead of attempting immediately to scale the cliff they wheeled to the right and ran under it for some distance, with the effect, perhaps the intention of bending the line of pursuit from pointing towards Roland. Their comrades had all taken or now took the same direction. Those of the hunters who put a restraining value on their horses or their necks turned back, others whose horses were not too blown still pursued eagerly, the rest straggled after as they might. But these were under the disadvantage that whereas the caterans could choose a place and scramble over the edge, the

best of light horses used to that country would have to go round.

Roland was left alone. He could see nothing but the cloudless sky and the crinkled stems, dark foliage and withered bloom of the heather in which he lay; heard nothing but the continual rustle of the breeze there through and the occasional cry of a grouse, that barking laugh ending in a grunting chuckle. Lassitude had seized him. He lay with no thought of rising, and let the action of his arrest pass and re-pass through his brain with such variations as his errant imagination invented, a moving picture in which his part was wholly passive.

He lay thus for quite an hour; then he heard footsteps. He believed that the time was come for the realization of his visionary dread. He waited, lying, with little more emotion than he had lain and imagined. It seemed long, yet was but a few seconds before the footsteps ceased, a man stood over him. He had to open his eyes and take him in; until then he did not know that his eyes were shut. It was the red-haired orator. The difference between that and his expectation was so great that he had to shut his eyes again to stay the whirling of his brain. When again he opened them the orator beckoned to him to rise. Still he lay until the orator took him by the hand and helped him up, then with repeated gestures invited him to follow, admonished him to hasten. Follow he did, but at first slowly, stiffly. He was led straight to the cliff, up whose face he had a zigzag ascent pointed out to him, quite practicable with a little rough clambering and here and there the help of the Highlander's strong right hand. He had never flushed with an angrier shame than when he conceded that such help was necessary to him. Being fairly over the top he stopped to recover breath.

He thought he had never beheld so

dreary a scene as that which lay before him; a desolate wilderness of moor and morass first dipping down, then swelling up towards a long gray cliff. He looked questioningly at his guide as much as to say, "Does our path lie that way?" It is not strange that he failed to take in the fine contrast between that sullen-visaged down-slope of dusky ling rarely broken by patches of bleached grass and the varied coloring of the up-slope on which the sun shone. Over there the masses of heather were of a dark purple-brown, the withered herbage was of a lightsome yellow-brown, streaked with living emerald along the water-courses, and flecked here and there with the gleam of a writhen birch stem; but all these were surrounded, overgrown, dominated by the superabundant rich red-brown of the bracken and crowned by the gray extension of that cliff.

The orator answered Roland's questioning look by turning and leading the way, not across the moor but skirting it, keeping far enough from the edge of the cliff they had just climbed to be hidden from the valley. On their left hand was Win Hill with its conical peak and higher up the valley a lesser height, whose summit glowed red in the sun against the dull green of its base. Beyond that extended a lofty moor; towards which the orator pointed, making Roland understand by signs that their steps were tending thitherward. After a mile and a half of rough walking they went down into a deep gorge, tributary to the river valley, by way of a steep clough. They crossed the brook and the road that ran through the gorge, and immediately entered a rift in its opposite side. Up this they clambered, and came out on the skirts of the elevated moor whose sky-line had been so conspicuous before them. Here the orator let Roland lie awhile and recover breath and strength. The man-forsaken aspect of

their surroundings gave a sense of security.

After a short rest again they went on, generally uphill at first but at no difficult gradient. They seemed to be out of the world, encompassed on every hand by huge hills destitute of grace of form, unless austerity be a grace, the austerity of secular hermits of desolation. Lumps of cloud, moreover, white and gray, had begun to get about, not close-packed but enough to discourage the day's wintry cheerfulness and lower the earth's coloring to a general sombreness. But Roland had no eyes for scenery, good or bad. It took his every endeavor to keep up with the orator; breathing hard at the ascents, stumbling at the descents, falling heels-up on a sheet of ice, he often dropped behind but always made it up before it seemed to be noticed by his leader, who with claymore at back and bundle of thievery on shoulder strode along at one swift pace, untirable. Whatever the temperature might be in the valley the wind at that height was piercingly cold; the ground was frozen hard and there was many a drift of snow, remains of that heavy fall which had been forgotten for almost a month in the lowlands.

Twice as they approached a cluster of huge detached stones Roland mistook them—perhaps his eyes were dim—for a gathering of humble cottages. Soon after this happened the second time they traversed the hill-crest, which for a long while had risen slightly above them on their left. A valley opened out before them, a down-sweep of moorland nicked by a ravine and half walled in amphitheatre-like by the ridge on which they stood; but its lower depths were hidden by a final abrupt descent. As abruptly rose its farther barrier, backed and topped by a multiplicity of huge hills which were obscured by the very light they were seen by. The orator had stopped, ap-

parently to consider his course, but his gaze was drawn, perhaps unwittingly, from the straightforward north to the west. As for Roland as soon as his leader stood he sat, lay down.

The sun being near his setting had burst through the clouds which had chilled his fervor, and was retorting it upon them by transforming their colorless tissues into robes of state about him as ample as the horizon, of every imperial tint, such blendings of azure, gold and flame as to name them man has only the tongueless speech of wonder. The impressionable air was filled with a fiery palpitation; the darkening earth flushed, though it was too late o' day to glow. But the valley below was in the shade, and the heights behind which the light-giver was sinking remained dusky, featureless, unimpressed, untouched. Their reserve however only emphasized the red warmth of the general response.

The orator gazed on. Maybe in thought he stood on the long mountain watching the sun set behind Scour Ouran, or from the stormy coast beheld far Morven frown under a transitory splendor. Maybe recollection of a hovel beside some wild shore, in some savage glen, by some solitary tarn or on some barren mountain-side raised yearnings for a rude mate and naked children which overpowered for the moment all other thoughts. Roland was so glad to lie that he had no room for any other emotion. But the sun went down, gradually the fire became smoke, a gorgeous smoke it is true, suffused with purples, shot through with flames, but every moment turning to the spectator more and more of the dark side of a night cloud. Then the middle heaven received half of the splendor that the west had lost; on its wide bosom the pageant had ample room, and proceeded from cloud to cloud with the stealth of a blush, the tidal sweep of a sea incarnadine, until

it bathed the earth on either side and gave it for a fugitive minute a tincture of cloud-coloring.

It was enough. The orator turned his face northward and again strode along, keeping near the line of that high ridge. As the glory faded from the zenith it reappeared, though much diminished, in the east, where the sky and the interference of yon lofty edges seemed to be surprised by the promise of another dawn. But the orator did not look that way; he stepped on like one who had to make the most of the remaining daylight, and as for Roland, following stiffly, his soul for the time being was as earthward as his boots. At the most he knew on which side they were of the highest ground by a difference in the force of the blast upon his right cheek.

From time to time as they made their toilsome way through that wilderness the orator whistled loud, but it was long before he got the response that he listened for. The earth slipped off her day-trappings to the last rag and prepared with due solemnity for night. There was hardly more than light enough to mark the separation between earth and sky, when at last a faint answering whistle was heard, and immediately a man's form erected itself on the skyline in front where it lumped itself up into a hill. They went straight for the whistler. It was a little wiry man, the most ponderously punctilious of the caterans. The two fellow-countrymen held a short consultation, during which Roland stood and felt at once the disability of the deaf and the inferiority of a hanger-on. At the end of it they with him again addressed themselves to their way, but so that he felt the direct attack of the bitter wind which had been sidelong. It stung him into some consciousness of their surroundings. They seemed to be on a plateau which lay pretty level before them, but here and there swelled

up humbly on either side. He looked back once; there was still discernible in the heavens the wan trail of the day. He looked up more than once; perhaps a star peeped between the shifting clouds. But on earth save for the occasional glimmer of snow or ice there was no variation in the general duski-ness.

The last trace of day disappeared; snow and ice were almost as black under his feet as the heather. The earth seemed to exhale darkness. Far as eye could reach, east, west, north, south, there was an awful oneness of unrelieved gloom, which his imagination extended on and on before his weary feet, an *ad infinitum* of dreariness and horror. Again and again the

Highlandmen whistled, but their whistling was blown back unanswered into their mouths. Still they struggled on, with perhaps the push of the wind to keep them steady to their direction, the coy peeping of those single stars was too uncertain. They got entangled in a difficult tract of deep peaty slime cut by frequent watercourses and obstructed by half-frozen sloughs. Weary and bemired to the middle they gave up the attempt, and lay down in the driest lair they could select without much trouble. Roland could not ask and did not vex himself with surmise or forecast; he lay down like the others with no shelter from the wind but a somewhat puny growth of heather and bilberry.

(To be continued.)

THE BIRTH-RATE—AND AFTERWARDS.

In these latter days the birth-rate has become a species of fetich among economists of a certain class. It was not always thus. In the comparatively recent times when there was no such thing as a census, and when the statistics of births, marriages and deaths were loosely kept or not kept at all, the birth-rate did not signify. It was or it was not; it came and it went; it might be or it might not be. There are traces of old themes propounded by old dead people who fancied that the human race was dying out, and there are remains of the footprints of deceased philosophers who imagined that it was increasing out of all reason. But until quite recently there was no genuine birthrate problem, through sheer lack of any information on which to build it.

Now the problem is with us at our going out and our coming in, at our lying down and our rising up.

The spectre of a gigantic and incred-

ible baby blots out the sun and darkens the pallid luminary of night. Out of nowhere and built of no visible material have come certain widely accepted propositions which may be set down as follows:

- (1) That it is the duty of the human race to increase regardless of consequences.
- (2) That the nation with a vast surplus of births over deaths is a good and progressive nation, whereas the one with a small surplus is decaying and the one with no surplus at all is doomed. Its doom may not be immediate, but it is none the less certain.
- (3) That a vast increase of population is scriptural, while a small increase or a complete absence of increase is unscriptural. When the world was empty man was bidden to multiply and replenish it. Now that it is replenished he is urged to go on replenishing it just the same.

Yet even man's most hostile critic must admit that during the last 100 or 110 years he has attended to his duty. He may have neglected many things, but he has done his best for the birth-rate. In olden days the hideous wastefulness of war kept down the population. War was cheap and chronic, and it was often conducted on principles which would now be regarded as plain massacre. In some countries it was, to all intents and purposes, a form of daily and hourly brigandage accompanied by a general slaughter of non-combatants. Man smote his fellow at short range with a club which cost less than twopence of our money, whereas now he misses him at a ten-mile range with a shot which costs, an incalculable number of pounds. Among the more scientific peoples campaigning has become almost as expensive as if cannon were made of gold. It takes fifty or a hundred years to pay off the bill incurred in twelve months of armed peevishness between two first-class or second-class Powers. In fact, the bill is hardly ever paid though it is often repudiated. Therefore, though war alarms are many, wars are few, and even genuine war alarms are not so many as they were, for it is easy for a big nation to spend £500,000 a week in an impressive demonstration and six weeks of impressive demonstrating may wreck a promising Budget. And even when, once in fifty years or so, two great nations come to blows, the old consequences no longer ensue. War, except as conducted by Chinese, Arabs, Dervishes and their kind, does not reduce the population as it once did. It merely checks the increase a little. It causes the death of a few people who would have died in any case, but it no longer blots out races and cities.

Local famines were also, for thousands of years, a hindrance to the unlimited increase of the population, but

now, over a great and ever enlarging section of the earth, railways and ships drag food so rapidly from place to place that local famines are almost a thing of the past. Also the telegraph carries orders for food in sixty seconds over distances so vast that formerly the people at one end of the wire might have died of hunger without the people at the other end being aware that the crops had failed. The abolition of slavery and slave-hunting and human sacrifices, the spread of new ideas about sanitation, the growth of medical science, and the uprising of that humanitarianism which seeks to preserve and multiply even the least promising samples of the human family—all these have done their share in the great work of replenishing the earth. And now, in the twelfth year of the twentieth century, civilized man can look back upon his work, and smite his chest hard in self-gratulation and say that it is good.

It is only by consideration of the population figures that he can realize how great his accomplishment really is. In the year 1801 the people of England and Wales numbered less than 9,000,000. That was the accumulation of all the thousands of years or ages or centuries since Genesis was a baby in its cradle in Mesopotamia—since the days when the first tentative ape came down from his tree-top with intent to be a man—since the time of the dinosaurs and the great fish lizards, and the primitive human who waged precarious war against them with the branch of a tree and a rock thrown by hand. In 1911 the people of the same little kingdom amounted to over 36,000,000. In other words, the last 110 years have produced three times more population than all the ages that preceded them. Those folk who dig with the spade of inquiry among the caverns and ruins of the past assume that England and Wales contained about 2,000,000 people at the

date of the Norman Conquest. The estimate is based on the military force which the country was able to turn out at a period when every able-bodied male was a soldier—of a sort. If the people of the days of Harold and William I. had taken the same intelligent interest in the birth-rate as the folk of to-day, and if all the intermediate generations had done the same, it is a mere matter of arithmetic to discover that England and Wales would now hold about 120,000,000,000 or 130,000,000,000 people. This calculation is based on the theory that America, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand were discovered about the time of William the Red King, and that emigration began to relieve the pressure some centuries earlier than it did. Without that assumption the population would now be much greater than 130,000,000,000. It is, in its own small way, a somewhat alarming proposition. Again, it is a mere matter of arithmetic to show that if the present superfluity of births over deaths is maintained, another three hundred and thirty years will find England and Wales trying hard to maintain something like 2,400,000,000 people. That is also an alarming proposition in its own humble fashion. I have a deep sympathy for the views and feelings of a certain English bishop who recently declared that the decline of the birth-rate was England's great danger and great disgrace. At the same time, even a bishop ought to consider what will happen if the birth-rate does not decline.

If the case of England were an isolated one it might be regarded as a mere curiosity. But it is only one case among many, and by no means the most striking one. The population of Canada has multiplied by about twenty-eight in a century; that of the United States by sixteen; that of Prussia by five; that of Russia by four; that of Italy by three; that of Argentine by

about twelve; that of Australia by about nine hundred; that of Norway and Sweden by three. In fact, in practically every part of the civilized world, save Ireland, the same story is told. Wherever it is possible to find fairly reliable statistics, the birth-rate, during the last century or so, has been doing its work in a heroic fashion. From the first Monday of Chaos—from the dawning of the world's Great Original Washing Day—until the year 1801 the accumulation of humanity was comparatively trifling. From 1801 until now it has been tremendous—almost incredible. The increase has been so vast that the question may yet arise: "Is Man Really a Rabbit?" Another century, or two centuries, at the same pace and apparently the bottom must fall out of something. Here two problems arise:

1. What will the bottom fall out of?
2. What will the thing, whatever it is, be like after the bottom has fallen out?

Already the food problem calls for attention. As recently as sixty or seventy years ago every country in the world was capable of raising sufficient food for its own consumption, and almost every one did so. Man found his loaf growing conveniently at his own doorstep, and looking out from his unglazed window he saw his own beef and butter and cheese, and very often his own clothing, walking about in his own paddock. In a national sense he was independent. His country could not be starved out by any blockade. He did not need to maintain vast armed squadrons to protect the lines of his food-supply. He could send his fleet to the farthest seas on the most venturesome errands without any fear that it might miss its enemy, and return to find its Mother Country had succumbed to starvation after a month's stoppage of its ports, and that the admiral's only hope of recovering his back pay was

to sell his homeless squadron to a South American republic.

Then a change gradually set in. First of all Britain became dependent in a measure on foreign food-supplies—partly through neglect of agriculture and partly through the wonderful increase of population. It has grown more and more dependent ever since, until at last its local supply of provender has ceased to be worth consideration. At first it got its inward furnishment from the nations close at hand, and as the countries with surplus food to sell were many while the buyers were few, prices ranged very low and supplies seemed unlimited. In those days the policy of depending upon imported food looked like a wise policy, and the Free Trader projected his chest till it reached almost across the street and scoffed with a mighty scoff at all who were not of his way of thinking. But the situation developed very fast. The Netherlands, France, Germany, and other adjacent countries dropped, one by one, out of the ranks of the countries with surplus food to sell—those whose competition tended to make the loaf cheap—and joined those that wanted to buy food, and which tended, by the reverse variety of competition, to make food dear. It was only in 1903 that Germany ceased to figure as a big supplier of the Englishman's loaf, and Turkey only dropped out of the supplying industry about 1907. Roumania was once a very great wheat-seller, but it is now a very small one and promises soon to be no seller at all. The United States reached its highest figure in 1902, when it headed the list of the countries with surplus wheat to dispose of. In 1907 it sold to England over 43,000,000 cwt. of grain and nearly 16,000,000 cwt. of flour. That was a short nine years ago, and it is difficult to realize how many changes have befallen since then. The trouble is that the United States

has a birth-rate just the same as England, also it has an immigration rate. Already the surplus wheat it has to sell to John Bull, the hungry person on the little crowded island in the North Sea, has dropped about seventy-five per cent. Apparently in another two or three years the United States will be using all its own grain-supply, and in two or three more years it will be an importer and be busy intercepting the surplus of Canada or Argentina, or both. For when a country turns, by reason of increase of population or other causes, from grain-seller to grain-buyer, the position is that of the politician who changes sides. He is only one politician but his change makes a difference of two votes.

Already it may be that Canada has reached its limit as a purveyor of the British loaf, and is on the down grade. There is no certainty about this, but Canada's export of wheat to Britain in 1910 was certainly a little less than in 1900. Britain's main reliance for its staple victual is now on Russia, and a war with that country would cut off half its supply. Its other chief supporters are India, Canada, Argentina and Australasia, and as regards three of these there are terribly long lines of communication to be guarded in order to prevent the supply being intercepted. Canada is likely to be a falling source of supply, both through the increase of local population and the appearance, at an early date, of the United States as a buyer of Canadian wheat. Argentina has a population which is expanding in a remarkable fashion and a local demand which is naturally doing the same. As a result Argentina is already a falling granary, and the surplus which it sent to England in 1910 was only half that of 1908. The enormous increase of the population of India also makes that empire a precarious post to lean against.

Thus in sixty or seventy years of

Free Trade and magnificent birth-rate England has passed through three stages. First, it was a country which was capable, with reasonable care, of feeding itself. Second, it was a country which bought its food from a multitude of supplies close at hand. Third, it has become a country which has to rake the farthest extremities of the earth for its daily loaf, and which depends almost wholly on six distant lands for its food. Moreover, it depends for half its food on one foreign State towards which its policy, for the past sixty or seventy years, has been generally hostile. It is quite possible that, a few years hence, the German demand for Russian grain will have grown to such an extent that the Muscovite empire may feel that it can struggle along for a year or two without its British customer. By that time, probably, the United States and Argentina may be dropping out of the supply business. Then a war between Britain and Russia will be quite a new proposition. There will be no battles, no flags, no blare of trumpets; only a dogged sitting down on one side and a ruinously expensive loaf on the other.

If the evidence counts for anything there is a good time coming for the agricultural races with food to sell. From the beginning of the world until a few years ago they appear to have been struggling in an overstocked market. Now it appears that a time is coming when the demand will exceed the supply and tend to get further and further ahead of the supply, so that the man who grows the loaf will fix the price. Yet good fortune is seldom unalloyed, and there is a prospective fly of great tonnage in the agriculturist's ointment. A large fertile country with a small population has always been a Naboth's vineyard to the nations whose people are many and their acres few. And not many years hence the desire to own the world's few fertile and compara-

tively empty spaces is likely to be intensified a hundred-fold. Therefore the people with surplus wheat will do well to arm themselves betimes, for they will be in just as much danger as the man who keeps the Koh-i-noor in a wooden box in an undefended house.

The immediate future of the world will probably lie with the strong nation which contrives to get hold of the last great thinly peopled food-growing area and hold it against all comers.

On the other hand there is every sign of a cold time for the nation which depends on imported food-supplies, and the coldest time is in view for the nation which is most dependent. On the dim horizon of events it is possible to foresee a day when Britain may be blockaded, not by fleets ranging the Channel and the Irish Sea and the German Ocean, but lying five thousand miles away and shutting up the food outlets. And beyond that, but not far beyond, is a time when the blockade may be effected without any ships at all, merely through one or two Governments prohibiting the export of grain. And further ahead, but perhaps not much further ahead, is the time when the blockade will become chronic even in time of peace. If the present surplus of births over deaths lasts for another hundred years the few remaining countries with surplus food for sale will find the price of the local loaf being driven up sky-high by the competition of foreign buyers. Then there will arise that clamor of the hungry local populace, to which a Government must lend its ear unless it wishes to lose its head—or, what is almost more important, its situation and its salary. So there will naturally ensue export duties on wheat, which will be bad for the countries which depend in part on foreign food-supplies, and worse for those which depend almost wholly on foreign supplies. And as the trouble grows worse these export

duties will be increased, till at last the day of total prohibition of food exports will come unobtrusively to pass, like a bagman arriving at a country hotel in the dead waste and middle of the night. Then, presumably, the hungriest nations will make war on the least hungry nations, and will demand the sale of the essential loaf at the cannon's mouth. And if the fleets of the least hungry nations are sunk their armies will make a desperate stand in front of the coveted loaf. And if the armies of the loaf-holding races are defeated they will burn the cornfields in their retreat, and fall back on the inland regions and trust to famine as their best ally. After that it is difficult to guess what may happen, but it is certain that an ironclad cannot climb a tree and that a fleet is of no service in a desert. Therefore, when it becomes a question, not of holding the seas so that friendly nations which want to send us wheat may not be hindered or disturbed, but of pursuing the wheat of unfriendly races even to the field and the barn, the situation will have to be viewed in a new light.

Theoretically, no doubt, all this is absurd. Nothing of the kind ever happened before within human knowledge, therefore it is foolish to suggest that anything of the kind may happen. Against this it can only be advanced that everything happens for the first time one day or another. If it didn't it would never happen and in that case nothing would ever occur, and if nothing occurred there would be neither time nor space nor any other circumstance whatsoever. The world is not ruled by precedent; even death is a breach thereof, for everybody it kills has had a habit of being alive up till the last moment. The great trouble of this poor old globe is that it is facing a perfectly new set of events, and they have arrived too suddenly. Within the time of people still living it

has done a whole multitude of things for which there is no previous parallel in all history; in fact, almost everything it has done has been unparalleled. Partly through increase of the birth-rate, largely through diminution of the death-rate, and in some measure through folly and lack of foresight, the centre of the world's civilization is becoming almost wholly dependent on the forbearance of the circumference. It never before had to dredge its daily loaf from so far afield. It never before had so many competitors for the loaf, or saw a prospect of such a steady increase of competition. And it never before had to obtain the loaf from people who had such a great and steadily increasing demand for the article themselves, or from people so well qualified to fight for the goods if they should desire to retain them. Rome even in its decay could still serve short notice on unwarlike Egypt to send along the wheat ships whether Egypt desired to part with them or not, and the matter of payment hardly entered into consideration. The present great wheat-supplying countries are of different calibre in a military sense.

The last century has been a time of riot in many ways. During that period the world has dug up and used more of its irreplaceable capital in the shape of coal and metals, and cut down more of its accumulated capital in the shape of forests, than it did—so far as we are able to ascertain—in all the preceding ages since Creation. There are old men still living who can remember when coal-mining practically began in England, for the output in 1820 only amounted to 12,500,000 tons. Yet already the duration of the British coal-supply is calculated by learned pessimists as two or three centuries, on the basis of the present consumption. If the demand increases at the rate of recent times—it has multiplied twenty-one fold in ninety years and is now

about 265,000,000 tons per annum—half a century may see the end. There are men not long dead who could remember what was practically the beginning of the British iron industry, for in the year 1800 the British Isles only dug out enough ore to make 190,000 tons of pig iron, and in 1740 they only dug out enough to make 20,000 tons. The figure is now nearly 10,000,000 tons per annum, and there is reason to conjecture that in a single year, the country uses up more of this ancient capital than it did between the time of Cain and the accession of the House of Hanover. Iron and coal, and new continents on which to settle surplus population, are not created now, for that vast tempestuous female called Earth has relapsed into placid middle age. So it becomes a matter of inquiry how long the accumulated resources of the countries with small areas and big birth-rates can stand the strain.

As for timber, it has been cut down wholesale to make room for that population which, according to the birth-rate fanatics, is never large enough, however large it may be. The ends of the earth have now to be searched for timber to make the British table on which to put the British loaf, which also comes from the ends of the earth. And the supply grows more and more limited. The United States used to be one of the world's great timber furnishers; it was so within the memory of men who have not yet sunk into senile decay and started to advertise themselves as the Oldest Inhabitants. Now the United States imports trees and mashes them up to make paper on which to print its yellow journal, and it is confronted by a scarcity that is growing at an unreasonable rate. It is a question whether the countries with a timber surplus or those with a wheat surplus will be the first to prohibit exports. In other words, it is a question whether the countries which

depend on imports will find themselves first with a table and no loaf to put on it or with a loaf which they will have to deposit on the floor.

There are still many thinly peopled and only partially developed regions which contain great possibilities as growers of food for the nations which have eaten up their substance in a century of haste and riot. Unfortunately for the nations of haste and riot these possibilities already grow visibly less. The European has invaded the undeveloped countries with his doctrine of the huge birth-rate. He has suppressed to the best of his ability slave-hunting, tribal wars, massacres, and human sacrifices. He has introduced drains and hygiene and serum and collection plates. He has toiled hard to extinguish local diseases, and when he reckoned that he had found a remedy for the sleeping sickness and saw before him a prospect of making 10,000,000 or 100,000,000 Africans grow very shortly where none grew before, he was a proud and inflated philanthropist. If by the time he has taught his colored brother of the African highlands to be a great wheat-grower he has also persuaded that person to be such a numerous brother that he will eat all the local wheat himself, then the birth-rate philanthropist will feel that he has not lived in vain. There is every reason to believe that he will have his reward, for the colored man responds with enthusiasm to kindly treatment. There were some 3,000,000 folk in Java about 120 years ago, but Dutch paternalism has raised the number to very nearly 30,000,000. The families are surprisingly large and appear to consist mostly of twins. Another century at the same rate should find the Japanese numbering 250,000,000. The population of Egypt has doubled in thirty years. And even the lands—mostly tropical—that are as yet unused and available are not necessarily available for the growth of

food. To-day England probably requires as much land on which to grow rubber wherewith to make tyres for its motor-car as it required for all purposes in the days when Charles II. was King.

It would be unpleasant to suggest that a time may actually arrive when one-half—the better-armed half—of the world's nations will meet in congress to devise means of extirpating the worse-armed half in order that there may be breathing-room. That gigantic tragedy may come, but the less said about the possibility the better. Still, certain facts have to be faced. As recently as the year 1800 the two Americas might almost be called empty—North America especially so. Within one hundred and ten years they have filled up at such a gigantic pace that, supposing the movement to continue, another century will see them fairly well settled. Already Rhode Island (U.S.A.) has 508 people to the square mile, Massachusetts 419, and the District of Columbia 5517; so no one can deny that the filling up process is going on apace. At the same time, Australia, the last of the empty continents, had made such progress that another two centuries should see it as densely occupied as a country with a sparse rainfall is likely to be. The European countries whose surplus inhabitants colonized these new lands have multiplied their populations three or fourfold in a century, despite the relief they gained by the wholesale export of population.

There is still room for very great improvement in the science of agriculture, but on the other hand very great improvement has already been made, and it has not kept pace, or even made a decent pretence of keeping pace, with the demand. The steadily lengthening list of countries which depend more or less on outside supplies for their breakfast, lunch and dinner is evi-

dence to that effect. It is already a fairly long list, and the fact that it has, to all intents and purposes, been accumulated in one lifetime is an impressive circumstance.

The last century or so has been a sort of world-drunk—the world's one magnificent drunk. Man has gone on a "burst," and been drinking up a planet all at once. The human race has been really proud of its deed. Science has helped the work along. Humanitarianism has lent it all possible assistance. The Church has blessed it, and laid down the theory that any stoppage or even diminution of the proceeding is unscriptural. The two outstanding features of the period have been an incredible increase of the old food demand accompanied by an actual diminution of the possible area of supply through the turning of cornfields or possible cornfields into cities, and the invention of all sorts of new demands to meet the necessities of an increasingly complex civilization. Another two centuries or so of expansion at the present rate is calculated to make the old countries of the world a herd of dreary regions. They will contain no quiet spot in which two lovers may get out of sight of their prying fellow creatures—no place where a man may propose to a maid save in the presence of six listeners—no leafy retreat where a bard may compose a scrap of verse without a dozen onlookers pointing over his shoulder at a dubious rhyme. Even the homicide will have to leave the body of his victim on the roof unless he is prepared to bury it in the full glare of publicity. In the England of some three centuries hence, with its two thousand million people—assuming the much-valued birth-rate to continue—mankind will probably sleep eight in a bed, and seclusion will be the luxury of the very rich. Possibly even they will not always be able to buy the article.

The present variety of civilization—the civilization of coal and iron, and dust, and hurry, and an unprecedented growth of population—will probably begin to die out where it commenced. England gained its commercial and manufacturing supremacy through being the first modern State to set about the wholesale destruction of its forests and the utterly reckless using up of its irreplaceable coal- and iron-supplies. How long the coal and iron will last is a question on which no two authorities appear to agree. All that is really known is that the supply is not unlimited and that the demand grows larger daily. England, in its haste to be rich, also became the first country to depend almost wholly for its food and timber on foreign suppliers. And when the present suppliers reach, as previous ones have done, the point at which they want their own loaf and their own tree for local consumption, then the heaviest blow is likely to fall on the country which thereby has its resources most completely cut off. There will be first an era of high prices, which will be good for the countries with food to sell and bad for the buyers of food just in proportion to their degree of dependence. Then there will be the era of absolute scarcity. And finally, in all probability, will come the time of com-

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plete stoppage of supplies. And after that—when the loaf wars are over and done with—there will perhaps be a new civilization, with far less population, less commerce, less hurry, less motor-car, less luxury, less pounding of machinery, and much more hard agriculture.

All this may appear extravagant, but if the much-commended birth-rate is to continue, and the death-rate is not greatly accelerated, it also appears inevitable. All the schemes and devices for increasing the world's food-supply fall dead in view of that picture of England, some three centuries hence, trying to feed and clothe and house and supply with newspapers and picture shows a population exceeding two thousand millions.

This article must conclude without any attempt to suggest a remedy. It is merely a comment upon the birth-rate fetich. That affair was a good fetich once, and in a few thinly peopled lands, which lack men for defence, it is an excellent one still. But in some of the older countries it has outlived its usefulness. "Multiply and replenish the earth" was a wise saying at the foot of Ararat in the days of the ninth chapter of Genesis. It has lost its application in Whitechapel and become effete in Shoreditch.

James Edmond.

BROWNING AND WORDSWORTH.

A devout admirer of Wordsworth from my youth upwards, I still recall the dismay I felt when a schoolfellow showed me Browning's lyric, *The Lost Leader*, and assured me that it was at once a portrait and an indictment of none other than Wordsworth himself. Having no understanding of politics, I was incapable of defending the revered name except on general principles. I felt as one might who has heard the

reputation of an absent friend traduced, wrongfully, he is sure, but cannot clear him. A dull ache of resentment long possessed me.

Of course, my schoolfellow was only partly right; but maturer heads than his had formed the same conclusion. It may be admitted that there was some ground for this. It was certainly an odd coincidence, if nothing more, that *The Lost Leader* first appeared in

print not very long after Wordsworth's acceptance of a pension from the Civil List and appointment as Poet Laureate. One can only speculate whether he ever saw the lines. In these days of greater publicity he would certainly have encountered them. But Browning had not then become famous. Wordsworth had, indeed, recognized the poetical gifts of the author of *Paracelsus*; but *Bells and Pomegranates* attracted little attention, and it is improbable that the little yellow pamphlet which included *The Lost Leader*, and was the penultimate number of the series, ever fell into the new laureate's hands.

But the surmise which connected him with *The Lost Leader* proved a persistent one. As late as 1875, thirty years after it was published, at least two correspondents sought enlightenment from Browning himself. It is known that such applications usually drove him back into his shell. If a difficulty were submitted to him, he was apt to aver that he did not remember what he had meant. But in this case he answered readily. Nothing else was possible to him, for if ever forced into opposition he was the most generous of opponents. It is necessary to recall his reply, even though it be now generally known.

"I did in my hasty youth," he wrote, "presume to use the great and venerable personality of Wordsworth as a sort of painter's model, one from which this or the other particular feature may be turned to account; had I intended more, above all such a boldness as portraying the entire man, I should not have talked about 'handfuls of silver and bits of ribbon.' These never influenced the change of policy in the great poet, whose defection nevertheless, accompanied as it was by a regular faceabout of his special party, was to my juvenile apprehension and even mature consideration an event to deplore. . . . Though I dare not deny the original of my little poem, I alto-

gether refuse to have it considered as the 'vera effigies' of such a moral and intellectual superiority."

What shall our comment on this explanation be? Well, that must depend a good deal upon individual bias. Some may think that such composite portraiture is apt to be misleading and to cause pain; that the undeniable force and beauty of *The Lost Leader* are for ever marred by the casting of even a shadowy aspersion upon a great poet. But others will contend that to argue thus is totally to misunderstand the mind of Robert Browning, whose aim was to express truth, and to make men see it, at whatever cost; who cared far more for the thing to be said than for the manner of saying it; who was prepared to seize upon a defect in an admirable character, if thereby he could "point a moral or adorn a tale"—could, for example, bring home to men the shame and misery which attend upon the betrayal of principles. The poem, at any rate, is not an indictment of Wordsworth, but of apostasy. Into Wordsworth's political tergiversation, if such it was, I have not space to enter here. The subject has been thoroughly and most fairly discussed already, notably in a little book by Mr. Hale White. I will confine myself to saying that candid students of the matter will find that it is a case of development rather than of inconsistency. But however this may be, and whether we applaud or condone Browning's acceptance of a personal judgment as a spur to imagination, we may agree that in general poetry suffers by the intrusion of a partisan spirit. *Procul, o procul este profani!* Poetry and party politics, whether these be civil or religious, are inherently incongruous. Are even the mantles of Dante and of Milton unsmirched? A Tyrtæus inciting the Spartans against their foes is worthy of all honor, not so if he invite them lyrically to take sides in a struggle

between kings and ephors. If a poet touches upon politics at all, should he not confine himself to broad and national issues, which are, or ought to be, above the domain of party warfare? That was Browning's almost invariable practice. His sonnet *Why I am a Liberal* proclaims, in fact, truths which are the exclusive property of no party in the State. Freedom is his theme, and thus far no party dares openly avow itself the foe of freedom. He does but repeat and amplify the words of an older master:—

Oh, freedom is a noble thing,
Freedom makes a man to have liking,
Freedom all blessings to man gives;
He lives at ease who freely lives.

His *Italian in England*, which voices the aspirations and patriotic endeavors of a people, may be put in the same category as Wordsworth's *Sonnet to the Men of Kent* and Tennyson's *The Fleet*. All three poems—and every reader can increase the list for himself—are as far above the din of party as Védérines or Paulhan, at their highest, are above the earth.

We have seen that Wordsworth was at least in Browning's thoughts when *The Lost Leader* was composed. In his correspondence during the next year, 1846, there occur two references to the elder poet whose significance is worth examining.

Great as Wordsworth was, his personality, in old age at any rate, appears to have been chilling and egoistical. Stories, very likely exaggerated, got abroad as to his self-absorption and his exacting demands on those about him. In commenting on these tales, Browning gives way to a characteristic outburst. If that is all he has become, after living for twenty years the kind of life he had deliberately chosen, and in the place where he desired to live it—why then, Browning says in effect, we had better shut our ears and read the *Lyrical Ballads* over again! Thus

wisely does he separate the man from his productions, which by implication we perceive that he admired. That the man was unsympathetic to him we have further and explicit evidence. "I always retained my first feeling for Byron in many respects," he writes a few months later. "I would at any time have gone to Finchley to see a curl of his hair or one of his gloves, I am sure—while Heaven knows that I could not get up enthusiasm enough to cross the room if at the other end of it all Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey were condensed into the little china bottle yonder, after the Rosicrucian fashion." (The writer of these words, he it remarked in passing, was in his thirty-fourth year; and it is good to remark how slow his manhood was to part company with his "hasty youth." Indeed, he never lost his youth, his surviving friends assure us.) "They seem," the passage continues, "to 'have their reward,' and want nobody's love or faith. Just one of those trenchant opinions which I found fault with Byron for uttering—as proving nothing!"

Now this quotation appears to me to be of extreme interest just now, when some of us, at this centenary of Browning's birth, are trying to figure to ourselves more clearly the manner of man he was. There he stands before us, impetuous, romantic, forming hasty judgments, which a moment later he half, but only half, inclines to slight. Indications are not lacking that in his later life Wordsworth's poetry meant more to him than Byron's; there is no evidence to prove that the opposite was the case in 1846, but there is a strong probability. It is known that Browning's earliest verses owed their inspiration to Byron's poetry; and he was an impressionable boy of twelve when the closing scene at Missolonghi, which must have stirred in many hearts "the late re-

morse of love," deepened the devotion of his. "A few more years," wrote Lord Macaulay in 1830, six years after Byron's death, "will destroy whatever yet remains of that magical potency which once belonged to the name of Byron." Surely an inept prophecy! The death of a poet who was a great figure in Europe, whatever since has come to light, and who certainly sacrificed his last years to a great cause, could not fail to exercise a persistent glamour over the minds of those who in their youth read his poetry with enthusiasm, and heard the story of his death with awe and admiration. In Browning's case the personality of Byron never lost its fascination. More than thirty years after his utterance about Byronic relics, he actually did go on pilgrimage to the Villa Diodati, being in its neighborhood, as readers of *La Saisiaz* will remember. Byron's instinct for "what flame and power in writing is" and the nobility of his death together made and retained a conquest over the romantic element in Browning's complex nature.

But why so hard upon Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey? Surely not Because the first is crazed beyond all hope,

The second drunk, the third so quaint and mouthy?

No, Browning would never have gone to those Byronic lengths; but his "trenchant opinion" calls, all the same, for interpretation.

Wordsworth certainly might be said "to have his reward." He rode at anchor securely, was set above worldly cares, and recognition had come to him, though late; as, by the way, it came to Browning. As much might be said of Southey, who had passed away, respected by everyone, after a laborious and successful life. But surely the memory and the genius of poor Coleridge deserved something of the "love and faith" which were denied to him at no period of his strange and

mutable career. Browning's indifference is indeed curious. One would have thought that the early years of Wordsworth and Coleridge, particularly their sojourn together among the Quantock Hills and the spiritual adventures there encountered, would have had an irresistible attraction for a youthful poet; but no trace of it appears. Hazlitt's enthralling account of those rapt days, days whose outcome was to exercise such a vital influence upon the trend of English poetry, had been printed in Leigh Hunt's *Liberal* in 1823. Browning was on friendly terms with Hunt, and might naturally have had his attention drawn to Hazlitt's paper. We are tempted to conjecture, however, for want of a better explanation, that he had not seen it.

II.

Forty years elapse, as the playbills have it. The borders of Wordsworth's kingdom are enlarged. Matthew Arnold has gathered his masterpieces into a small volume, and so has gained him fresh disciples. The Wordsworth Society has been founded "as a bond of union among those in sympathy with the general teaching and spirit of Wordsworth," and Browning is among its members; is, indeed, on its executive council. Professor Knight, its president, has suggested to him that he should draw up a list of those poems of Wordsworth which he considers most truly great and likely to endure. In putting the request aside, Browning writes as follows:—

"It is quite another matter of interest to know what Matthew Arnold thinks most worthy of Wordsworth; but should anybody have curiosity to inquire which "fifteen or twenty of his poems have most thoroughly impressed such an one as myself," all I can affirm is that I treasure as precious every poem written about the first twenty years of the poet's life"—(this is an obvious slip:

he meant forty, which he afterwards, in conversation, corrected to thirty-five); "after these the solution grows weaker, the crystals gleam more rarely, and the assiduous stirring-up of the mixture is too apparent and obtrusive. To the end crystals are to be come at; but my own experience resembles that of the old man in the admirable *Resolution and Independence*:—

Once I could meet with them on every side,
But they have dwindled long by slow decay—
Yet still I persevere and find them where I may.

that is, in the poet's whole work, which I should leave to operate in the world as it may, each recipient being his own selector."

Here, then, is Browning's mature attitude towards his great predecessor. He supplemented his letter, in conversation, by a list of some dozen poems which were special favorites with him, of which all but three fall within the period when "crystals were most plentiful." *The Excursion*, published when Wordsworth was forty-four, is excluded from his flowering time. Nevertheless, there remains a solid body of work which Browning "treasured as precious." The phrase implies high appreciation, higher, very likely, than he felt in earlier years; for the poetry of Wordsworth makes a stronger appeal to philosophic maturity than to energetic and pulsating youth.

Moreover, in those distant days the chief niches in Browning's poetical pantheon were already filled. Byron occupied a high place, but *Memorabilia* lets us see who was enthroned still higher. Shelley was then, as a friend put on record, "the god of his idolatry"; and Shelley's influence is admittedly perceptible in his early writings. Apparent in *Pauline*, it can also be discerned in *Paracelsus*; indeed, when the latter was published some people went

so far as to call it an imitation of Shelley. That, of course, is unfair, and even foolish; there is something of the spirit of *Alastor* in *Paracelsus*, but that is all. From its publication onwards there is no room for a charge of imitating Shelley or anyone else. Browning is among the least indebted of poets. He stands in a category by himself. There is no one before him—once we have done with *Paracelsus*—who in the least resembles him; nor has anyone since succeeded in writing like him, except, with obvious limitations, a parodist or two; indeed, I should hardly think that anyone has tried. Or, if any have, they have probably only reproduced "the contortions of the sibyl without her inspiration," and have remained unread except by a few much-enduring reviewers.

Long ago, in a preface to a collection of letters afterwards found to be spurious, Browning set forth at some length the reasons for his admiration of Shelley's genius, an admiration which he never lost. Into those reasons I do not here propose to enter fully, as the preface can, with a little trouble, be procured; but briefly to recur to them may assist us to form at least a tentative understanding of his attitude to Wordsworth also. In Shelley, then, he discerns, so to say, a pair of poets; one the objective, who excels in the dramatic presentment of men and women, and as such is easily comprehended and readily admired; the other the subjective, whose essence is more intangible, more spiritual, who is above the heads of many readers, but to those who can soar upwards with him is infinitely greater and more precious than his earthly twin. It is his to show "the correspondency of the universe to Deity, of the natural to the spiritual, and of the actual to the ideal." This subjective gift Browning finds possessed by Shelley in a greater degree

than any other "modern artificer."

Did he find it a part of Wordsworth's endowment also, and to what extent?

On the face of it one would say, "Yes." Surely, if any poet ever sought to show "the correspondency of the universe to Deity," Wordsworth did. But it does not follow that his manner of doing it commended itself to Browning as much as Shelley's. Shelley's method has more of the fine frenzy about it; he is as a reed, shaken by the wind, indeed, but through which the wind blows mysterious yet exultant melodies; he acquaints us, as half-dizzily we follow him, with the strife of elemental forces; nearly persuades us that we hear the morning stars singing together; is himself so much of an enchanter as almost to liberate us for the moment from our mortal weeds; makes us forget the dull earth and its concomitants, translating us to the pure and ample ether where his own spirit ecstasically hovers.

The dull earth? But to Wordsworth earth was never dull. And that is why his method of showing "the correspondency of the Universe to Deity" is so widely different from Shelley's. In his youth, indeed, he worshipped natural objects with an almost pagan intensity.

I cannot paint

What then I was. The sounding cat-
aract

Haunted me like a passion; the tall
rock,

The mountain, and the deep and gloomy
wood,

Their colors and their forms were then
to me

An appetite.

In these things he then neither saw nor required any symbolism. But presently there came a change, for which, however, he professes no regret. Familiar as the passage is, or should be, it must be quoted at some length, for it embodies Wordsworth's view of "the correspondency of the Universe to Deity."

I have learned

To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing of-
tentimes

The still, sad music of humanity,
Not hard nor grating, though of ample
power

To chasten and subdue. And I have
felt

A presence that disturbs me with the
joy

Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply inter-
fused,

Whose dwelling is the light of setting
suns,

And the round ocean and the living
air,

And the blue sky and in the mind of
man:

A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all
thought,

And rolls through all things.¹

It is something more than "a pale yet positive gleam" that he beholds. These lines, written in 1798, show Wordsworth in the plenitude of his powers. They show also his method of dealing with the matter under discussion; a graver, more sober method than Shelley's; more reasoned and reflective, but also less dithyrambic. And Browning found Shelley's method more potent and convincing—at any rate in 1851, when he wrote the Shelley preface. But it does not follow that he did not value Wordsworth's also.

Temperamentally, as we have seen, he and Wordsworth could hardly have been sympathetic to one another. But in the domain of poetry there are certain broad conceptions upon which both

¹ It is interesting to compare this doctrine with that of the Pythagorean "Anima Mundi," as expounded in the sixth book of Vergil. Had Wordsworth the passage in mind, one wonders? Here, if it is permissible to quote Latin in a footnote, are the lines:—

"Principio caelum ac terras camposque
liquentis
Lucentemque globum Lunae Titanique
astra
Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per
artus
Mens agitat molem et magno se corpore
miscet."

They contain no hint of spiritual ecstasies, however.

insist. Both, for instance, unflinchingly uphold the doctrine of the soul's immortality, though on different grounds. We know how Wordsworth sustained his lofty argument; by dim and haunting memories of something that the soul has known elsewhere, by her

Obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things.

We know Browning's passionate conviction of survival, to which so many sources of belief contributed; to name a few, the confidence of older masters such as Dante, the tenets of the Kantian school, the whispered message which he heard in music—

The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis
we musicians know—

and his own intuition, which, with a full knowledge of all that could be argued on the other side, he never mistrusted for an instant.² Again, both were in the highest degree sensible of the poetic value of natural objects. Both were keen observers as well as lovers of nature; and nature was inextricably woven into the stuff of their poetry. The resulting patterns are diverse, it is true. Nature as a whole, as a mysterious but potent entity, bulks more largely in Wordsworth's compositions. He had deliberately turned his back upon the life of cities, except as a rare visitant, in order to commune with her in her beautiful and more majestic aspects. No marvel then if his men and women, true and touching as they are, are sometimes dwarfed and overshadowed by his mountains. Whereas with Browning, however beautiful the setting—and some of his settings need not fear comparison with those of the very greatest writers: in *James Lee's Wife*, for instance, and in

² To avoid misunderstanding, let me say that I am not here concerned with either poet's interpretation of Christian doctrine; I merely enumerate some of the sources from which, in their writings, they draw their arguments in support of immortality.

Love Among the Ruins—it is always the men and women who are the centre of the picture. And this, again, follows from his eminently social disposition. Unlike Wordsworth, he was a lifelong inhabitant of cities, and seldom wearied of them. His characters are mostly city folk, as Wordsworth's were usually dalesmen. It could not well be otherwise. Even Pippa, who for innocence and simplicity, as well as in lowliness of station, may rank with any of Wordsworth's rural heroines, is bred and nurtured in a town.

It must be admitted, as our comparison proceeds, that the points of difference between the two poets are more striking than those of similarity. It was Wordsworth's mission, Matthew Arnold told us, to recall to the remembrance of mankind the vast and permanent sources of satisfaction which are to be found in nature and in simple life, to speak

Of joy in widest commonalty spread.

The message is as perennial as is the need of it. To Browning neither joy nor sorrow is of the first moment, but life—the life of men and women—whether joyful or the reverse, is of secondary import; but in either case life that is full of activity, that is always striving, rarely satisfied. He finds almost anything preferable to “the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin.” He has the widest sympathy with failure, but none at all with inactivity. Rest with him is but the preliminary to new adventure. Even his deepest thinkers, such as the Pope in *The Ring and the Book*, have action in view as the end of their meditations. Browning's nature was hardly such that he could be

Contented if he might enjoy
The things which others understand;
and “a wise passiveness” could scarcely be its ideal.

III.

One minor characteristic, however, the two poets had in common—a dislike of making public speeches.

"Though a remarkable conversationalist," Wordsworth's biographer tells us, "he never excelled as a public speaker, and was too wise to attempt it often. On one occasion, however, he delivered a long address when laying the foundation-stone of a new school at Bowness."

For half a century Browning eluded all such occasions; but he was caught at last. It was in 1884, at the tercentenary of Edinburgh University. The students, at a reception held in honor of the guests of their University, had listened to harangues from Lowell, De Lesseps, Virchow, Pasteur, and others. Then, to quote *The Scotsman* (April 18th, 1884),

In response to loud calls for a speech, Mr. Browning rose amid enthusiastic cheering. His utterance was not long, but it was pointed. "Gentlemen," he said, "the utter surprise with which this demonstration fills me, and the embarrassment consequent upon it, must be my excuse for not attempting to do more adequately what I am afraid would in any case be done by me most imperfectly. (Laughter.) I am usually accused of my writings being unintelligible. (Laughter.) Let me for once attempt to be intelligible indeed, by saying that I feel thoroughly grateful to you for the kindness which, not only on this occasion, but during the last two or three days, I have experienced. I shall consider this, to the end of my life, one of the proudest days I have spent. The recognition you have given me, and all your kindness, I shall never forget.

It has been customary to regard this as Browning's one and only speech in public; since the words uttered in 1882 at a meeting of the Wordsworth Society, "I am *locum tenens* for Lord Coleridge" hardly constitute a speech.

But by the fortunate presence at Llangollen in the summer of 1886 of a relative of my own, who put me on the track of it, I am able here to give the substance of another. Browning spent that summer in Denbighshire, in the near neighborhood of Sir Theodore and Lady Martin. On September 10th he was present with Sir Theodore at a concert at the village of Glyndyfrdwy. In an introductory address on music, Sir Theodore emphasized its value in a world where so often

Men sit and hear each other groan.
Respect all such as sing when all alone!

"in the words," he continued, "of a great poet who is sitting among you to-day."

Browning's successful little speech at Edinburgh two years earlier must have given him confidence, for at the close of the concert, "in response to the repeated demands of the audience"—I quote the *Llangollen Advertiser* of that date—"Mr. Browning, in a few appropriate words, said he was thoroughly delighted with the programme. He hardly expected in so remote a corner of the country to hear such fine music; it was most enjoyable and delightful, especially the violin performance, of which he could form a pretty fair opinion."

A public library was at that time being started in Llangollen, and on leaving the neighborhood a few weeks later Browning intimated his intention of sending a contribution to it in the shape of a parcel of books, as a memento of his Welsh holiday.³

IV.

And those poems of Wordsworth which were "special favorites" with

³ The kindness of Mr. R. H. Jones, Hon. Sec. of the Library, enables me to add that the books, which were duly sent, comprised the works of the poet and his wife, of Thackeray and his daughter, and of the Brontës—about a hundred volumes in all.

Browning? Well, it is at least noteworthy that most of them are of what he would have termed, recurring to the phraseology of the Shelley preface, the objective kind. Here is the list of those which may fairly be so accounted: *The Reverie of Poor Susan*, *The Complaint of a Forsaken Indian Woman*, *Goody Blake and Harry Gill*, *The Danish Boy* (a fragment), *The Farmer of Tilsbury Vale*, *The Power of Music*, and *Stargazers*. Those remaining, which for the moment we will term reflective, are *Rob Roy's Grave*, *Dion*, *The Eclipse of the Sun*, 1820, and *A Jewish Family*.

It is a curious and in some ways a baffling list. The fragmentary *Danish Boy* might puzzle anyone who had not read the prefatory note subsequently vouchsafed by Wordsworth: "It was entirely a fancy"—just as Browning's *Childe Roland* was—"but intended as a prelude to a ballad-poem never written." The beauty of the *Complaint* will be admitted by everyone. The *Reverie*, *The Farmer of Tilsbury Vale*, *The Power of Music*, and *Stargazers* are all—but especially the two first—characteristic of the simple and pathetic manner in which Wordsworth deals with the joys and sorrows of unlearned and unsophisticated human beings. They are "dramatic idylls" whose directness would go straight to Browning's heart; nor would their appeal to him be lessened by the fact that they were all observed in London streets. *Goody Blake and Harry Gill* presents more difficulty. Its author, probably foreseeing incredulity, was careful to call it a true story. Otherwise we should have certainly supposed it to be a fiction that in consequence of old Goody's appeal to Heaven the farmer's teeth chattered for evermore! It was probably the very oddity of the thing that made Browning like it, for it is as bizarre as some of his own conceptions.

The Fortnightly Review.

To turn to the reflective pieces. *Dion's* majesty of phrase and thought would readily commend it to one who had himself dealt so signally and triumphantly with certain passages of Hellenic history, just as the *Eclipse* might attract him by its memories of Italian scenery. *A Jewish Family*, whose members Wordsworth saw at St. Goar, "extremely poor but very beautiful," might move him at once by its reference to Raphael and its tribute to a race whose attraction he felt deeply, and from whose history his own verse had repeatedly derived its inspiration. Last of all there is *Rob Roy's Grave*, and here, I venture to think, the affinity is deeper. Wordsworth heartily disliked the first Napoleon, and Browning as heartily disliked the third, in each case for much the same reasons. In the poem there is an effective contrast drawn between Rob Roy and Buonaparte.

For thou, although with some wild thoughts,
Wild chieftain of a savage clan,
Had'st this to boast of: thou did'st love
The liberty of man.

And had it been thy lot to live
With us who now behold the light,
Thou would'st have nobly stirred thyself

And battled for the Right.

For thou wert still the poor man's stay,
The poor man's heart, the poor man's hand:

And all the oppressed, who wanted strength,
Had thine at their command.

The love of liberty; the will to defend it, by whatever individuals or combinations it be assailed; the desire to help others by teaching them to help themselves; these time-worn principles were among those which we believe to have been most deeply prized by the social and political consciences alike of William Wordsworth and of Robert Browning.

Harry Christopher Minchin.

A PLAN THAT FAILED.

"For the wildest dreams of Kew are the facts at Khatmandoo,
And the crimes of Olapham chaste at Martaban."

His Excellency Darab Nishan Pasha, elderly Notable of Mahal, a village of Upper Egypt, was no more happy under the British administration of his country than an Early Victorian Liberal would be under that of the Independent Labor Party. In the opinion of His Excellency there was far too much talk about liberty, an idea in itself subversive of social order; and the situation was not improved, from his point of view, by the recent appointment as Inspector of the Mudiria¹ of a young and energetic Englishman, who listened with perfect readiness to the complaints of the fellahin. The effect of this unusual behavior upon the part of an Egyptian Government official produced an immediate result in Mahal. For the first time within twenty years, its Omda² began to show signs of restiveness. No longer were the ghafirs sent in a body to work upon His Excellency's land. In place of twelve lusty fellows there would come but two or three; and on one black morning nobody came at all. In vain the Pasha protested that his work was urgent. The ghafirs replied simply that the new Inspector had bidden them to rest by day, in order to be more watchful at night.

Shortly after this distressing incident, cattle plague broke out, and the public sale of cattle was strictly prohibited. But His Excellency always maintained that administrative decrees were not intended to apply to Notables of the rank of Pasha; and, being overstocked at this moment, he disposed of his weak and aged animals to less fortunate neighbors at most profitable

¹ Egypt is divided into fourteen Mudirias or provinces.

² A village is administered by an Omda or headman, assisted by one or more Sheikh el Balad; while public security is maintained by a force of ghafirs, or village watchmen.

prices. In the end, however, the authorities swooped down upon an improvised market held on his estate, and actually summoned him, Darab Nishan Pasha, for contravening the Cattle Plague Decree. He bore this indignity with fortitude; but he was deeply incensed by the fact that some resident of Mahal must have acquainted the Mudiria of the existence of the market. If the Omda was the culprit, it was clearly desirable to reduce him without delay to his former state of dependence.

Accordingly His Excellency determined upon a bold strike. He would become the son-in-law of the Omda. Now the latter possessed an only daughter, Fatima by name, whose future was a perpetual source of discussion among the ladies of Mahal. Fatima had been sent to a Government Girls' School in Cairo, where she had gained the Primary Certificate. Not content with that educational achievement, it was rumored that she was intent upon securing also the Secondary. During vacations she would visit her parents, and astonish Mahal hareems by expatiating upon her intimacy with a mysterious and omniscient being enjoying the honorable title of "Mees."

The fact that Darab Nishan Pasha already possessed the regulation number of wives presented no obstacle to his views regarding Fatima. Divorce is easy in Egypt, and he had been considering for some time the possibility of putting away his senior wife, a lady whose plain features and sharp tongue obviously marked her out for that fate.

The Omda was unable to refuse so brilliant a match for his daughter, and he gave his consent at once. An astonishing hitch, thereupon, occurred.

³ Arabic rendering of the English word "Miss."

The young lady, safe at the school in Cairo, refused the alliance. The Pasha could not credit the news. It was reported that Fatima, counselled always by "Mees," had refused his offer out of regard for her educational future. But the would-be husband did not believe that feminine folly could go to this length; and he set down his rebuff to the influence of her father. It was clear, therefore, that the latter could no longer be permitted to retain the Omdaship of the village. So His Excellency called into council Ibrahim, the Sheikh el Balad, between whose family and that of the Omda had existed undying jealousy dating from centuries.

"O honorable Sheikh," began the Pasha, "I am grieved to see how the poor are oppressed in Mahal to-day. It was not always so."

"No, Excellency," replied the Sheikh. "When my father was Omda, the village was contented. The poor had equal rights with the rich, and tyranny was unknown. The ghafirs worked on your Excellency's land by day, and slept peacefully at night. We were human beings then: now we are as animals of the field. My father suffered great injustice when the Government deprived him of his position. What crime had he committed, Excellency, to be publicly disgraced thus?"

"What crime indeed," repeated his companion, "except that he was a poor man, like his honorable son."

"God is generous," observed the Sheikh, who was perfectly aware of the part which the Notable had played in this ancient intrigue.

"The Government was wrong. It made a mistake in accepting the advice of the Mudir upon the matter of thy father. Thou wilt remember that I raised objection at the time; but my words fell upon deaf ears. Even when I declared that no other but thou, Ibrahim, could fill thy lamented parent's

place, the Government would not listen. Is it not so?"

As a matter of fact, it was not; and the speaker and the Sheikh were both aware of that fact. But in Egypt conversation is permitted a certain amount of embroidery.

By this time the Sheikh had understood that by hook or by crook the Omda was to be ejected from his post, and that his successor was to be himself. But as favors are rarely bestowed without some return being expected, he was anxious to know the price that he would have to pay for the Pasha's support.

Accordingly he re-started the conversation with a non-committal remark.

"God is merciful," he said.

"Aye, and generous also," was the ready response. "Merciful, because He does not wish to see our village subjected to the cruel tyranny of its Omda; and generous, because He has pointed out to me, an unworthy but faithful servant, the means whereby the Government will drive him from the post." The speaker lowered his voice. "Our village must be given an evil reputation in the eyes of the Inglezi, who sit in the big offices of Cairo, reading and writing books," and the Pasha spat on the floor to express his profound dislike for these accomplishments. "The Inglezi will hold the Omda responsible for the trouble. He will be dismissed, and thou, O Ibrahim, wilt be appointed in his place. I have spoken."

"But how can we attain this end? Are we to pull up the young crops?"

"By no means. Destruction of crops is a crime according to Article No. 322 of the New Penal Code, and I, a Pasha, may not countenance a crime. Besides, such action would be useless, unless I suffered my own crops to be destroyed."

"Let us then poison the cattle of the Omda."

"Of no avail, unless our own suffer. Moreover, your suggestion would be also against my interests, for I have now no cattle to sell."

The Sheikh had come to the end of his ideas. His companion stroked his beard and pondered. Presently he spoke.

"O Honorable Sheikh, thou knowest the great white train which rushes nightly through Mahal, bearing pig-eating infidels to view our ancient temples." The Sheikh nodded. "If this train is arrested without orders or warning, would it fare well with our Omda? Would not the Inglezi of Cairo shout loudly, 'Give us the body of this Omda, who allows his people to interfere with our works'?"

"But the train is taught to stop only at the sight of a big red flag, or at the sound of a loud whistle, and we have neither."

"Other means exist. Suppose, O Sheikh Ibrahim, thou art walking along the iron road bearing over thy shoulders a load of timber; and being greatly fatigued with the burden thou lettest it fall across the rails, in this manner," and the Pasha explained how two baulks, lashed at the centre, might be made to form an improvised cross, which, dropped on the permanent way, would form a very efficient obstacle to the progress of a train.

"But will not the train itself be damaged?"

"What matter?" replied the Pasha contemptuously. "The Inglezi officials will report that the engine was American, and in consequence unfit. Then they will secretly demand the punishment of the Omda of Mahal. I know their ways."

"But if I am seen walking on the iron rails, shall I not be cast into prison?"

"Not so; firstly, it will be dark, and secondly, no Article of the New Penal Code forbids this practice. The of-

fence is a contravention only (of which the penalty is a fine of £1) against the railway regulations."

This view of the situation had not occurred to the Sheikh. "By Allah," he exclaimed, "the task is not difficult. But your Excellency will not forget that I, Ibrahim, am a poor man."

"Thou speakest truly, O Sheikh; but once Omda, thou wilt become wealthy, and a Bey." This last argument was irresistible, and the pair proceeded to fix the night of the exploit and to discuss other details of the scheme.

No sooner did the Sheikh leave the house, than the chief conspirator began to study the best means of proving a personal alibi on the night in question. He concluded the surest way of obtaining that object would be to spend that day and evening in the company of the British Inspector. To effect this object he must concoct some story which would appeal to the latter's imagination. After some cogitation he mounted his mule, and set off to visit the Inspector at Sarafia, the chief town of the Mudiria.

Hercules White, Inspector of the Mudiria, had been imported from Oxford. As an undergraduate he had staunchly upheld the doctrine of the Brotherhood of Man; and at the Union debates he had constantly affirmed that the continuous subjection of Eastern people to the Anglo-Saxon race was detrimental to the moral welfare of both. His friends, therefore, were shocked when he announced his intention of joining the Egyptian Government Civil Service, although they conceded that Oxford's loss would be Egypt's gain. White, however, soon ceased to share any such illusions.

The tale unfolded by the Pasha was peculiar. It appeared that he apprehended, on the following Saturday, an attack by brigands upon his estate at Ekait, a district to the north of Mahal; and he earnestly desired that the In-

spector himself should spend that night at the farm, in order to make sure of the arrest of its assailants. White had no doubt that such gentry actually existed in Ekait district; but he had understood also that his visitor maintained friendly and profitable relations with them. It was possible, of course, that he and his friends had now fallen out, and that this was a trap laid to crush them. So while the story had to be accepted with reserve, he saw no harm in giving a promise that he would accompany the Pasha to Ekait on the day fixed. The latter, inwardly amazed at the simplicity of British officials, took the next train to Ekait, where he spent the rest of the day in arranging with his servant the details of a convincing act of brigandage.

In the meantime, the other conspirator also had been reflecting over the situation; and by some queer mental process he felt that his chief requirement at this moment was a little moral support. So he proceeded to drop sundry hints to Ayeesha, his wife, of the exalted fortune in store for him; and in a short time she was acquainted with the details of the plot, and was as ambitious for its success as her husband. Now it happened that Fatima was paying one of her periodic visits to Mahal; and from the day of the girl's arrival in the village, Ayeesha had been in a state of veiled irritation at the airs displayed by this superior young person. In the news, therefore, of her husband, Ayeesha saw a pleasing way of checking Fatima's pride. So assuming the *habra*, she picked her way to the Omda's house. The two ladies exchanged some formal, and untruthful, compliments; and after the visit had lasted a few minutes Ayeesha stood up to go.

"At your next visit to Mahal, O Bint⁴ Fatima," she said, "many changes will have taken place."

⁴ Married women enjoy the prefix of Sitt, and unmarried girls that of Bint, in Egypt.

"The world does not stand still, like Mahal, O Sitt Ayeesha," was the pert reply. "Yet, no doubt, you speak only the truth; for I do not think to see Mahal until three years have passed."

"Three!" cried Ayeesha.

"Yes; perhaps four even. I have been recently chosen to go to Inghilterra, at the expense of the Government." Ayeesha sat down heavily. Such a distinction as this would shed lustre upon any hareem. So Ayeesha sped her Parthian arrow.

"Congratulations. It is well that you should succeed; for when you return a 'Mees,' your father no longer will be Omda."

"How so? He cannot yet resign, seeing that his son has but eighteen years of age."⁵

"There is no talk of resignation, but of dismissal; and my husband is to be named in his place."

"Sheikh Ibrahim!" sneered Fatima. "You lie, Sitt Ayeesha. The Inspector would not permit it."

"Inspector!" scornfully returned the other. "What has that son of an infidel (curse his father!) to do with the choice of Omda of Mahal? His Excellency the Pasha (upon whose head be all blessings) has already made known to Ibrahim his will upon the matter. Listen, O Fatima, to what I foretell. The great white train will be stopped without orders on Saturday night, and the Inglezi of Cairo will blame your father for neglect. He will be dismissed, my husband will reign in his stead, and Mahal will be happy."

Like other ladies under similar conditions, Ayeesha had allowed her jealousy to overpower discretion. Ninety-nine per cent of Egyptian women would have paid no further attention to the speaker's words. But Fatima's wits had been sharpened in Cairo, and she left her father no peace until he

⁵ No man under age can be appointed Omda.

had promised to acquaint the Inspector with Ayeesha's threats.

Thus it came about that Hercules White within twenty-four hours received a second visitor from Mahal. It cost him some time and patience before he grasped the gist of the Omda's rambling narrative, interspersed with stories of ancient village intrigues, in which His Excellency Darab Nishan Pasha invariably figured prominently. White asked himself again and again whether there could be any connection between the forthcoming brigandage at Ekait and the wrecking of the train at Mahal. In Upper Egypt, of course, all things were possible; and it was decidedly suspicious that the day of the week selected in either case was the same. But to destroy a *train-de-luxe*, in order to get rid of an Omda, was like throwing out a whale to catch a sprat. In the end, he decided that his movements should depend upon the Pasha. If the latter did come on Saturday, White would accompany him to Ekait, and there await developments. In the meantime, he concluded he would consult Greenfield, the District Superintendent of Traffic, State Railways. Greenfield was interested, and readily undertook to help.

"The safety of the train is the first consideration," he remarked.

"Of course," replied White; "but can't we combine that and yet catch the Pasha, supposing the Omda's information is correct?"

"Well, let me see. Train 81—that's the *de luxe*, you know—is timed to arrive at Ekait at 8 P.M., and runs through Mahal without stopping. Your Omda says that the attempt to derail the train will be made just south of Mahal, doesn't he? H'm, H'm," and he mused a moment. "I'll tell you what we can do. If your suspicions are correct, we'll give His Excellency the fright of his life, and perhaps even get a confession from him. If they are

groundless, well, you may have to answer a charge of illegal arrest. Do you stick at that responsibility?"

"Not a bit," was the cheerful reply. And the District Superintendent proceeded to expound his plan.

Saturday morning saw Darab Nishan Pasha hurrying to Sarafia, where he waited, fuming and anxious, until Hercules White had completed a leisurely toilet and breakfast. Presently he welcomed his visitor. "Good morning, your Excellency," he said. "How is the cattle plague at Mahal?"

Since the unfortunate *contretemps* already narrated, this was the last subject of conversation which the Pasha would prefer to discuss; but concealing his irritation he replied, "All finished; all gone. Thanks be to God, and to the Ingiezi. Ah, where should we Egyptians be without the help of your honorable country, O Excellency? At this very moment am not I imploring you to proceed without delay to Ekait? Do not fail your favorite servant in the hour of his need, but come with many police and loaded firearms. For the work is dangerous."

"What about you, Pasha?"

"I leave you not. Is it meet that I, a poor but brave man, should desert his only protector? No; a thousand times, no. I accompany you, and when the brigands advance, I fire my gun at your side—so," and the Pasha levelled his walking-stick to the height of his waist.

The two moved off to the railway station, where a smart young officer and four policemen awaited them. On arriving at Ekait, they found the house in a terrible state of confusion; for the information given had been incorrect, and the brigandage had taken place on the preceding evening. Cupboards had been ransacked, tables and beds overthrown, and everything of value carried off. Astonishment and rage

were depicted upon the face of the owner. He stormed and wept alternately, while the caretaker and the farm-servants vociferously called upon heaven to witness that their assailants were as numerous as the sands of the desert. Little by little, a more or less connected narrative was extracted. It appeared that the caretaker had been awakened at midnight by the sound of men's voices, demanding admittance. While the farm hands were intimidated by a constant fusillade, some of the band broke down the door and plundered the house of its contents. Empty cartridge-cases were produced to support these statements, and White himself picked up several, still lying on the ground in the vicinity of the house. As the district police had not arrived, he directed his own officer to open a *Procès Verbal*. While the formal inquiry was proceeding, White examined carefully the empty cartridge cases, and was slightly surprised to find that they were identically the same make. At that moment he chanced to look up at the window. In a corner of the garden the Pasha and his servant were holding an animated conversation. With nothing but intuition to guide him, he determined to make a systematic search of the house at once. In the kitchen stood a large water-jar. White turned it upside down, and some cartridges fell rattling to the ground. He picked up one and compared it with an empty case. They were precisely alike. White whistled softly: he began to see daylight. Replacing the jar, he dropped both cases in his pocket, and proceeded to look for the inevitable gun. Having tried all possible hiding-places inside the house without any success, he turned his attention to the garden. There his eye fell upon an orange-tree, the earth at the base apparently having been disturbed recently. White turned over a sod or two with his foot, and at a

few inches below the surface a gun lay buried. He examined its barrel. As he anticipated, it was badly fouled.

"Never mind, Ahmed Effendi, taking down further evidence," he said to the police officer as he turned to the house. "I have found this gun. I want you to ask the caretaker whether he is its owner."

After a full hour of threats and adjurations from the police officer, the caretaker reluctantly admitted the fact.

"Ask him, then, why he buried the gun."

This question gave rise to another animated scene, the caretaker, firstly, denying that he had concealed the gun, and secondly, admitting that if he had done so it was from fear that the police would confiscate it.

"Does he know the owner of these cartridges?" asked White, producing the cases which he had found in the water-jar. With oaths and protestations the caretaker declared that never in his life had he seen cartridges of their description.

"Perhaps your Excellency," continued White, "may recognize them?" The Pasha took the cases in his hand. "No," he answered; "what should I, a man of peace, know of bullets? No doubt the brigands have left them."

"Very well, Ahmed Effendi, it seems we can do no more. I recommend you to arrest the caretaker. If you'd like to know my opinion," he continued, turning towards the Pasha and looking him full in the face, "I believe that the only brigand on these premises last night was your own caretaker. I am very much afraid, Excellency, that he misunderstood your instructions as to the date." The Pasha started. Recovering himself, he thundered, "O Muhammad, son of a dog that you are, what is this?"

"By Allah, I swear that armed robbers fired continuously during the night. You fellows," he cried, appeal-

ing to the others, "bear me witness that I speak the truth."

"Yes, Muhammad, we heard boum-boum from midnight until dawn. Our ears are still deafened with the noise."

"And you know well the difference between the gentle report of my gun and the boum-boum of last night?"

"That we cannot tell; for we are poor men, and unaccustomed to firearms."

"Ah, my brothers, you must remember the ping-ping of my gun. You, O Mansur, remarked it, when I was shooting the pigeons last week."

"Write that down, Ahmed Effendi," broke in White. "He states now that he has been in the habit of using the gun recently. Well, I think that is all we can do at present," he continued, getting up from his chair. "You'll return in the train, Pasha, with us?"

His Excellency made a gesture of dissent.

"Oh, I think you'd better. It will be awkward for you to stay here alone, as your people, at least, must accompany us. Besides, the brigands may come again to fetch their unused cartridges." White paused a moment, and then added, "On your own head, then, be the responsibility. However, you must see us safely to the railway station." The Pasha bowed, and from that moment he became cheerful again. During the ride to the station he commented warmly upon the benefits which the British occupation had conferred upon his country. Thence he slid easily into a recital of his own virtues, laying especial stress upon the rare courage which he had displayed in giving information to the Inspector of the projected crime. Incidentally he criticized his fellow Notables severely for their lack of public spirit, a quality which he, Darab Nishan Pasha, placed higher than any other virtue. At the end of the ride, he begged the Inspector to attach no weight to any statement which the

caretaker might make at the inquiry on the following day.

The *train-de-luxe*, consisting of white-painted sleeping- and dining-cars, ran into Ekait five minutes behind scheduled time. As the train drew up, Greenfield stepped out of an Inspector's travelling carriage, coupled behind the leading brake-van.

"The Pasha is here all right, I see," he remarked to White. "One moment; I want to say a word to the driver." He was back at once, and addressing the stationmaster. "Run, Effendi," he said, "and see if the tail lights are burning properly. Look sharp; we are already five minutes late."

The Coptic stationmaster walked importantly to the rear of the train, and, assisted by his staff, swung himself heavily on to the permanent way. In the meantime, White and Greenfield had closed round the Pasha, who was standing at the opened door of the travelling car.

"Now then," whispered Greenfield, "I'll start the train, while the station staff are examining the lamps."

"Better change your mind, Excellency, and return with us. Really, no? Well, I think you had. In with him, Greenfield," and before the Egyptian could utter a syllable of protest, he found himself lying on the floor of the car with the door securely locked.

The train was moving rapidly before the Pasha recovered his breath. "Oh, you son of a dog. Curse your father and mother," he screamed at White. "I'll write to Lord Cromer. I'll have you dismissed from the Government, I'll——," but at this moment he realized that the train was no longer at Ekait. "Stop the train," he yelled, "stop the train, I say, at once, you sons of English pigs. You don't know what is going to happen," and he made a rush at the door. Greenfield caught him round the waist, and swung him on a seat.

"What's in store for us is in store for you also, my friend. What's the matter?"

The Pasha glared, and swallowed an imprecation. Then he asked, "Where does the train stop next?"

"At Sarafia."

"By Allah, this must not be," he shrieked, leaping from his seat. "You must cause me to descend at Mahal. I have business there to-night, important affairs, which I may not postpone until to-morrow."

"That's curious. A few minutes ago you were determined to spend to-night at Ekait."

"Yes, yes, I had forgotten." The speaker changed his tone. "O Excellency," he said to Greenfield, "let me speak a word to you in private."

"Don't mind me," murmured White.

"Stop the train at Mahal, and I give you £100."

"My dear Pasha," began Greenfield.

"I am a poor man," whined the other. A spasm of fear contracted his face. "I will say £200."

"It's no use trying to bribe me, my good friend. Tell us the reason for your anxiety, and I will see what I can do."

"Oh, let me descend, let me descend," wailed the prisoner, sinking on his knees, "I do not wish to die: I have so many good works yet to accomplish." Suddenly he asked, "Where is the carriage placed in the train, O District Superintendent?"

"Right behind the engine."

"Then I must tell, there is no escape. Listen, and stop the train for Allah's sake."

White motioned to the police officer to take down the statement.

"The Omda of Mahal is a bad man, whom I have tried to guide into righteous ways. Between him and Ibrahim, Sheikh El Balad, also a bad man, exists great hatred. I do not cease to try to reconcile them, but without

avail,—write that down also, Ahmed Effendi," he observed in parenthesis,—"it will show that, even when my body is in danger, I am still mindful of my duty towards the Government."

"Only five minutes to Mahal," said Greenfield, looking at his watch.

"Then to-night this wicked Sheikh El Balad desires to destroy our train in order to ruin his enemy the Omda. For this purpose he has stolen timber from me to build obstructions upon the iron rail. I swear it. Now, Effendi, I implore you to stop the train, and allow this poor man to go in peace."

Greenfield jumped to the communicating cord and jerked it. The train began to feel at once the pressure of the brakes, and pulled up with a sudden jar alongside the platform of Mahal station. A sleepy railway official appeared, and stared with surprise at the sudden halt of the *train-de-luxe*. He stared even harder when he saw Darab Nishan Pasha, held by two Englishmen, advancing towards him.

"Wait a bit," exclaimed the District Superintendent, loosing his hold of the prisoner. "I'll get my trolley, and will go ahead of the train to reconnoitre."

The trolley was placed on the rails, and started at once.

"Gently," cried the District Superintendent to his trolley-boys, as he swung a railway lamp to the front.

"What's that in front?" said White, peering into the obscurity of the night. "*Bas—enough,*" and the trolley halted at a formidable obstruction, consisting of two logs lashed crosswise, and secured to the permanent way by wooden pegs driven into the ground. Sheikh Ibrahim had improved upon his chief's instructions.

"Of all devilish contrivances!" ejaculated the District Superintendent. "Oh, Pasha, you and your friends of Mahal have most accursed imaginations."

The great convict prison of Cairo presents many points of interest to the students of human nature, not the least being the equanimity with which some of the inmates support their misfortunes. One convict attracts special attention, not only on account of his

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dignified bearing, but also for the respect which he commands from his fellow-sufferers. And if fame is to be acquired within a prison's walls, it may surely be accorded to a Pasha, who would cheerfully have destroyed a *train-de-luxe* in order to gratify his spite against a humble Omda.

P. G. Elgood.

IS PUBLIC LIFE DEMORALIZING?

Sir Robert Perks seems bent on shaking what little is left of the popular confidence in the House of Commons. Recently he was reported as declaring that the twenty years he spent in Parliament were twenty years wasted; and in the *Daily Mail* he returned to the subject with a heavier battery of attack. He deplored the marked growth of expediency and opportunism in Parliamentary life, the increasing tendency of the House of Commons to be satisfied with patchwork solutions, the reduction of the unofficial M.P. to a mere automaton, the frivolity of the leaders in spending their Sundays on race-courses in France, golf, or attending aviation meetings, the multiplying facilities for amusement and relaxation at Westminster, and the firmer and ever firmer hold, often of a financial kind, which the Whips and the organization are securing over the private member. The M.P. who is really a free agent, according to Sir Robert, is in danger of becoming an extinct type, and power is rapidly passing from the representatives of the people to a small executive clique. The ordinary member of Parliament "goes home at midnight at the end of an eight or ten-hours' day spent at the House of Commons in the smoke-room, the library, the lobbies, and when he asks himself, 'What have I done to-day?' the inevitable answer is, 'Nothing.'"

Some of the counts in this diatribe

are of old standing, others are new. But whether new or old they suggest a wider issue than any Sir Robert touched upon. It is the issue hinted at in the title to this article. Is public life demoralizing? Sir Edward Grey, being a fisherman and therefore a philosopher, as well as Foreign Secretary, raised the question, I remember, some three or four years ago; and it came into a certain prominence when Mr. Ure's electioneering manoeuvres in the matter of old-age pensions were under review. But in general one does not get much assistance from one's friends in the House in attempting to solve it. Most M.P.s are delightfully elementary in their views of Parliament. One will confide to you his discovery that the House so far from being the best club in London is one of the worst. Another will hold forth on the inadequacy of the accommodation for smokers and the eternal clatter of the chess-players that spoils the meditative pipe. A third will confess that his main impression of Parliament is one of endless discomfort and boredom, a continuous interruption of business and society, an everlasting trudge through the lobbies. A fourth has only one conviction left—that all postmen, constituents, inventors, and secretaries of charitable institutions should be shot at sight. A fifth regards as the most obvious change that has been wrought within him the lamentable fact that, after listening to all the de-

bates on all the subjects, he is left without a single opinion of his own on any subject. A sixth will own that what has most astonished him is to note how quickly the hope of rendering any real public service has deserted him, and with what contentment he has lapsed into the ruck of the rank and file, rarely speaking, always voting as the Whips tell him, disillusioned, unambitious, marvelling mildly at the futility of things, a mere placid, if also an indispensable, cog in the machine.

It is not in short, as a rule, from M.P.s themselves that one is able to obtain much light on the general question of the influence of public life upon character. Most of them are conscious that the inside and the outside views of Parliament are very different things, and that the strain of trying night after night to catch the Speaker's eye, the mental and moral turmoil stirred up by the first application of "party discipline," the growing sense of aimlessness as the division lobbies are endlessly tramped, the hopeless recognition that Parliament is too unwieldy to do its work, and the ensuing wonder that any sensible man should be wasting his time, health, and money on so unprofitable a treadmill, make up a staggering and quite unsuspected load of disabilities. But very few of them put to themselves the sort of questions that an outsider would like to have answered. Does public life, for instance, take the bloom off a man's spirit? Does it narrow and coarsen him? Does it increase or diminish his moral courage? Do the endless compromises which are the first condition of the party game tend to weaken the love of truth in those who play it? Does personal success come to mean more to them than the public good? When their desire to tell the truth conflicts with their desire to say what will be agreeable to their audience, which wins? Are politicians more or less lia-

ble than ordinary men to keep whatever ideals they may have fresh and green within them? Does the stress of public life broaden a man's view or make him more one-sided? Do those who take part in it find that they are gradually losing their feeling for literature and art, that they are crushing out of themselves the finer pleasures of the imagination, that they are parting with their relish for the quieter, simpler things of life?

These are the questions that a looker-on at the Parliamentary game would like to have answered. But he will find for the most part that he will have to depend on his own powers of observation and deduction to resolve them, and that he will get little assistance from M.P.s themselves. My own experience is that most men who enter Parliament acquire a sort of dual nature, the political side of which is less pleasing than the other and more private side. A Legislature, like any other body of men, is bound to evolve its own code of ethics and its own peculiar way of looking at things. But when you find a man voting for measures of which you know he disapproves, and opposing others which in the freedom of personal talk he will heartily applaud; when you see him repeatedly subordinating private convictions to party loyalty, throwing over ante-election pledges without an apparent pang, and inclining insensibly towards the purely tactical view of all things political—it is sometimes difficult to remember that his conduct argues no real deterioration of character and may be justified by an appeal to those higher expediences that alone make the party system workable.

I should say there are four distinct ways in which the House of Commons is apt to influence a man. First, it is liable to foster the vicious mental habits of exaggeration, and therefore of insincerity. Indeed I hardly know any

politicians who deal quite honestly with themselves and their audiences, who do nothing to popularize clap-trap, who preserve a true sense of proportion, and whose speeches are a real index to their minds. Secondly, it encourages a feeling of irresponsibility. "No doctor," wrote the late Mr. Lecky, "would prescribe for the slightest malady; no lawyer would advise in the easiest case; no wise man would act in the simplest transactions of private business, or would even give an opinion to his neighbor at a dinner party, without more knowledge of the subject than that on which a member of Parliament is often obliged to vote. Thirdly, public life demands from its successful practitioners a pernicious facility. In that respect

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it is worse even than journalism, worse by the margin that makes the tongue a more unruly instrument than the pen. Very few men, I fancy, engage for long in politics without finding themselves more or less spoiled for serious intellectual exercise. And finally, I wish some candid M.P. would let us know whether a Parliamentary career does not tend to narrow a man's range and by its mere power of absorption to leave him stunted, vacant, and jaded, and very largely incapable of interesting himself in outside pursuits. I should not like to dogmatize on the point, but it is a commonplace of observation that political distinction is often perfectly compatible with a vast degree of stupidity and narrowness.

Sydney Brooks.

BACK TO NATURE.

Showing the good that may come out of the apparent evil of these recurring strikes.

There is a saying—and the facts confirm it—

Ill blows the blast that suits not someone's case;

And I, who am by now a sort of hermit,

Bless the unlikely means of so much grace—

The Gosling and the Tillett,

And all who make the worker chuck his billet.

For I have learned from these, our country's masters,

In one short year of intermittent strife,

How out of so-called national disasters

A thoughtful man may pluck the Simple Life,

And put himself in tune

With natural objects, like the sun or moon.

Until they called a strike upon the railways

Pedestrian transit seemed a solemn bore,

But now I tread the hills, and bosky vale-ways,

Using the feet I never used before;

And get to see quite plain

Things that escaped me in a stuffy train.

I hear the song of birds in dewy thickets;
 I smell the morning sweetness of the earth;
 Also I save the money on my tickets
 And incidentally reduce my girth;
 And wish the strikers' blow
 Had fallen on me years and years ago.

Then came the miners' move. This fresh diversion
 Taught me to face the cold with active skin.
 To seek for ardor in my own exertion
 And cultivate the vital spark within,
 And how a well-drilled soul
 May learn to overcome the lust for coal.

Next came the tailors' turn, and off they toddled;
 And, as I go to-day in outworn weeds,
 I learn that leg-wear, though superbly modelled,
 Can never satisfy the spirit's needs;
 That, by the heavenly plan,
 His worth, and not his waistcoat, makes the man.

And now the transport-navvies play at skittles,
 And prices soar, and I must seal my throat
 To frozen ox and other carnal victuals
 On which it was my daily use to bloat;
 I sign a non-beef pledge,
 And am content to live on home-grown veg.

So if, a changed man, I have ceased from nozzling
 The softer luxuries it is because
 Of teachers like the Tillett and the Gosling,
 The men who make our sumptuary laws,
 Laying their high embargoes
 On trains and trousers, coal and meaty cargoes.

Yes, if I live (on herbs) the life ascetic,
 Like nomad fakirs, with my limbs half nude,
 Without a hearth and wholly sympathetic
 With Nature in her most primeval mood,
 My thanks are due to these,
 From whom I learned to tramp and starve and freeze.

Punch.

Owen Seaman.

THE MACHINE IN AMERICAN POLITICS.

A recent remark of ours that the over-elaboration of the mere machinery of American politics has done much to impair the efficiency of American statesmanship, appears to have been widely, sometimes favorably, usually unfavorably, commented upon in the United States. It is curious that more Americans do not recognize, what to a foreign and friendly observer seems very clear, that one of the prime defects of their political system is precisely this excessive multiplication of arbitrary devices and the habit of regarding them as an end in themselves. The whole American Constitution is in a way an ingenious conspiracy for doing nothing; the energy which under the British or Cabinet form of government is devoted solely to legislation being largely frittered away in the United States in friction between the various authorities that were created to check and balance, and have come in fact almost to neutralize, one another. Americans, again, have always been too apt to regard the suffrage as the essence of democracy. So long as they were free to vote at recurring periods for a multitude of short-term officers, they have persuaded themselves that little more was needed to fulfil the amplest ideal of popular government. They have always had a tendency to deify the ballot-box, to think more of success at the polls than of efficiency in office, to regard the problems of government as solved when they had selected one set of candidates to office in preference to another set, to spend their energies on choosing their representatives and then to forget to watch over them, to pay too much attention to who is to do the work and too little to how it is being done, and to sleep with the comfortable assurance of a public duty adequately performed from

the eve of one election-day to the dawn of the next. They have never properly realized that democracy is criticism, is control, is an alert and informed public opinion, and is not really machinery at all. Whenever anything has gone wrong, their instinct has been to put it right by some purely superficial readjustment, some legislative expedient, some amendment of the external accessories of government. For every evil, no matter what its nature or origin, they either have recourse to the Statute-book or else proceed to exalt the executive at the expense of the legislative power in order to safeguard democracy against itself.

In all other relations of life, a direct and trenchant people, the Americans delight in being tortuous and roundabout in their politics. Their motto seems to be that two or three elections should always be made to do the work of one. A burden has thus been laid upon universal suffrage that the average, busy, well-intentioned, but not over-zealous citizen is quite unable to support, and that has in fact been taken off his shoulders by organized hosts of professional politicians. The entire nominating system, from the "primary" meeting to the District or State Convention, and thence to the National Convention, has fallen into the hands of the Bosses through the sheer necessities of the case. The ordinary man cannot or will not spare the time to attend to it; and though in theory it strictly conforms to democratic principles, and though not a step is taken that could not claim the sanction of "the will of the majority," in practice it is controlled from beginning to end by men who make politics a means of livelihood, and who manipulate its complexities in their own interests. It was

in the hope of restoring a direct influence to the people, and of enabling them to declare unmistakably which candidates they wished to represent them in the contest for the White House, that the "Presidential primary" was invented. But so far this device has only been adopted in about a third of the States, it has failed to "bring out the vote" to the extent anticipated, it has not evoked a clear expression of the will even of those who did vote, and while undoubtedly it has stimulated popular interest, it has also added enormously to the turmoil and expense of a Presidential campaign. For the past four months the Government of the United States has been practically at a standstill, and all the efforts of the Administration have been concentrated on "rounding up" delegates for Mr. Taft. The circumstances of the present contest are, no doubt, exceptional; it has never before happened that a President and an ex-President

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have fought one another for the party nomination. But it is worth insisting that, whenever there is a serious struggle between powerful candidates for the party leadership, what has happened during the present year is likely to recur. That is to say, there will be an internecine warfare inside the party ranks, spreading over the whole continent, consuming from four to six months, agitating and distracting the public mind, involving all the stress and heat of a Presidential campaign, and settling at the end but one issue—the choice, namely, of a single party candidate for the Presidency. That is an excellent instance of what we meant by talking of the over-elaboration of the machinery of American politics. Unless Americans devise means of simplifying their electioneering procedure, they will soon find that one year out of every four will be devoted to nothing else.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

W. P. Ker, who contributes a volume on "English Literature Medieval" to the Home University Library, is professor of English Literature at University College, London, and has already published more extended works in this field of research, including a volume on Epic and Romance, and one of Essays on Medieval Literature. He approaches the difficult task, therefore, of compressing into a single small volume a sketch of English literature from the story of "Beowulf" to the writings of Chaucer with an especially ample equipment and a well-grounded enthusiasm. The result is a compact and illuminating sketch of the least-known period of English literature. Henry Holt & Co.

"The Jonathan Papers," by Elizabeth Woodbridge make as delightful a book of essays as one would wish to find. The introductory chapter makes clear the author's point of view. She says that if Pippa had been a New Englander she would have spent the forenoon of her "day" cleaning the cellar, the afternoon cleaning the attic, and only gone out for a little walk after the supper dishes were done, because she thought she "ought" to have a little exercise in the open air! The essayist speaks feelingly on the subject of pleasures as pleasures, and the bulk of the book is made of descriptions of delightful outdoor pleasures. The descriptions are not dull, like most nature writing, the style is flexible, and

the humor of the whole treatment is whimsical and telling. Jonathan himself is skilfully characterized by his quiet remarks, and the author herself has made no mean self-revelation. The book is worth reading and re-reading afieid. Houghton Mifflin Co.

A most readable book on the most abstruse of all subjects, metaphysical philosophy, written by Bertrand Russell and named, "The Problems of Philosophy" is published in the "Home University Library" (Henry Holt & Co.). The author writes on the level of the ordinary reader and every point in his profound argument is illustrated from the simplest details of life. The first chapter, for instance, takes up that well-worn example concerning the reality of a table and infuses new life into it from all the forces of art and science in their most modern expression. The book is constructive in purpose and studies reality, matter, idealism, induction, knowledge, universals, and intuitive knowledge. There is not an obscure word or phrase from cover to cover.

"Tales of a Greek Island" by Julia D. Dragoumis is unusual for two reasons; the freshness of its material and the skill with which the short stories are told. There are nine of them, remarkably even in interest. The author is a Greek lady, devoted to her island of Poros, so thoroughly understanding the life and aims of the peasants that one is reminded of the Roumanian lady who gave us "The Bard of the Dimbovitza," though in this case none of the material is folk song or story. The tales are all of modern life on the island. In particular the author seems to have enjoyed doing the descriptions of the country. An American reader will perhaps enjoy most the beautiful diction and the charming phrasing of the every-day speech of the Greek peasant. The collection is far

from relying for merit on its local color or diction, however. The author really gets at the heart of things, the vital moments of life. "The Stepmother" and "The Only Son of His Mother" are full of real human passion and sympathy. The author does not need to "crave the indulgence of the public for one writing in a foreign language." The gratitude is on the other side of the balance. Houghton Mifflin Company.

What better ingredients for a mystery story could there be than those which go to make up "The Bandbox," by Louis Joseph Vance? Not only are there duplicate bandboxes which appear and disappear bewilderingly in the fates of the book's chief characters, but a case of continually mistaken identity adds greatly to the confusion. A rising playwright, a temperamental actress, another young lady, refined and unobtrusive, a whimsical humorist who proves something of a hero, and a real villain, are the principal actors of the swiftly moving plot. London, a great steamship, New York, and a lone island off the Connecticut shore form the background for strange adventures. A pearl necklace of immense value proves

"the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered."

With a deft hand and quick humor the author weaves and unweaves the web whose unravelling the reader seems compelled to follow in a single reading. Mr. Vance has the knack of writing a mystery story as it should be written, with a touch light but sure. Little, Brown & Company.

John Kendrick Bangs' "Echoes of Cheer" (Sherman, French & Co.) is well described by its title, for the verse which it contains is wholly simple, unaffected and light-hearted. From cover to cover of this slender volume there is

no tragic or passionate note, nothing that is strained or artificial. There breathes through the verses faith in humanity and faith also in things unseen; the spirit which prompts them is sunny and the purpose behind them is helpful. Here, for example, is a bit of jovial yet true philosophy, "Where the Fun Comes In."

To hev all things ain't suited to my mind,

Fer, as I go my way, I seem to find
That half the fun o' life is wantin' things,

And t'other half is gittin' em, by Jings!"

And here is a fragment of a longer poem, "The Use of Life."

He'd never heard of Socrates;

He'd never heard of Irving;

He loved the mediocrities

Much more than the deserving—

But when the frost was in the air he
knew the fox's hole;

The haunt of deer and beaver, and the
woodchuck and the mole;

And he could joy in arching trees,

In Heavens blue, or starlit,

And in the cold, crisp autumn breeze

That paints the country scarlet.

And here is a cheerful invitation,
"A Call":

O come, let's all be Poets!

What though we cannot rhyme?

'Tis easy when we know it's

Just singing all the time;

Just sounding on the tabor

God places in our hearts,

And taking to our neighbor

The message He imparts.

Henry Holt and Co. certainly are to be congratulated on the excellence of that series of little books which they are pouring out in their "Home University Library." Not yet has any volume proved dull or unenlightening. W. H. Lathaby takes up an important subject and handles it scientifically in "Architecture." Beginning in the far ages of Egypt, Babylonia and Greece,

he lays his foundations sure; then goes on to Athens and Rome; sweeps through the schools of the Middle Ages; and slips in a chapter of that less-studied side-line, Eastern architecture. He is surprisingly full of detail through all the Romanesque and Gothic periods, considering his limited space; but dismisses the Renaissance briefly, for "on the whole it has proved arid and sterile." He adds an important chapter on modern art, laughing at the "picturesque" revivals of the grand old styles, and pleading for simple structural lines in all our great endeavors. J. J. Findlay's "The School" is a rampantly modern, but absorbing, book. The author is an iconoclast and his is about the most radical book admitted into this series. The three Rs, so worshipped down the generations and so badly drilled into the present, occupy for him only "the third place" as "empty of content." He advocates the drilling of trades, a very large number apparently, into all the children in the school, the production of well-known dramas for aesthetic culture, the teaching of music to a degree now unknown, the increase of the recreation time, and the extension of the elective system to boys and girls of twelve years. The style of the book is as vital as its argument. "Canada" by A. G. Bradley is a study of the British Dominion. Starting with the geography of the land, the author slips easily into the history; then takes up, one by one, "The Maritime Provinces," "The Prairie Provinces," and "British Columbia." An enthusiast on his subject, the author is candid concerning the defects of his beloved land. He admits that it is cold, that huge cities are few. Very enlightening is his elucidation of Canada's slow growth and sudden revival in these last decades. His outlook at the end is most hopeful. His figures bear out his prophecy.